

THE
APPENDIX
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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

ART. I.—DR. SMOLLET.

THE CRITICAL REVIEW, OF ANNALS OF LITERATURE, commenced its publication in January, 1756.

In the plan of this Journal, Smollet, and his literary coadjutors, estimated the duties of the office they had assumed with justice and with moderation. They made strong professions of impartiality and independence, and solemnly promised, that they would revive the true spirit of criticism;—that they would never condemn nor extol, without having first carefully perused the performance;—that they would never act under the influence of connection, or of prejudice;—that they would not venture to criticise a translation without understanding the original;—that they would never wrest the sense, nor misinterpret the meaning, of any author;—that they would not, without reluctance, disapprove even in a bad writer, who had the least title to indulgence;—and, that they would not exhibit a partial and unfair assemblage of the blemishes of any production.

Under these pledges, delicately fostered, criticism flourished in the sunshine of superior talent. Smollet engaged in the arduous task with honest unremitting zeal; and he wrote his ample share, with a skill and taste that proclaimed his judgment, and ensured success.

Such, then, was the FIRST SERIES of our Review; and such, we venture to hope, will be the acknowledged characteristic of its FIFTH SERIES.

APP. CRIT. REV. VOL. I. June, 1815.

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It is true, the public pledge contained in our short address, is not thus lavish in its promised bounties; and, our motives are obvious. We know that the union of talent and education promises much; but we likewise know that it seldom parallels the vigorous mind, the native humour, the felicitous wit, the rich varieties, and the diffusive genius of a Smollet.

The satellites of Jupiter, however, glitter in the presence of that transcendant planet. To be excelled is not to be obscured. With Smollet for our leading star, we will henceforth adventure; and even in the regions of his splendour we will pursue our emulative course of monthly evolutions.

It has been truly affirmed by the biographers of Dr. Smollet, that, of the writers of the present age, eminent for their intellectual endowments, who have reflected honour upon human nature in general, or upon our nation in particular, few will be found more deserving of biographical notice than the object of this compressed narrative. Whether we consider the utility and elegance of his literary composition, the force and vivacity of his mind, or the disinterestedness and independence of his spirit—still the palm of merit blazons on his brow. *Ferat, qui meruit, palmam!*

All who read with feeling will take an interest, and that of the liveliest hue, in details which relate to the lives of those, from whose writings they have been accustomed to derive both pleasure and instruction. We therefore announce, that Smollet was descended from an ancestry, long established residents in the county of Dumbarton, where, throughout the eventful changes of the times, they acquired considerable property, and were advanced to the highest stations in the magistracy, as well as otherwise distinguished by honourable offices in the state.

Tobias George, the youngest son of Archibald Smollet, was born in 1721, at the old house of Dalghurn, near Renton, in the valley of Leven, lying between Loch-Lomond, and the town of Dumbarton.

This valley, in which Smollet drew his first breath, and passed his infancy, is rarely distinguished by nature, in the beauty and sublimity of its surrounding scenery. This abounding imagery, very early in life, appears to have awakened his fancy to poetry; for, by the magic of his youthful pen, the banks of this valley have been metamorphosed into classic ground.

His Ode to Leven-Water is distinguished by delicacy of sentiment, picturesque description, and simplicity of expression. The images are pastoral and pleasing: the numbers correct and harmonious. In short, he celebrates his native stream with the

simplicity of an Arcadian shepherd. Time, however, has changed the rural virtues, occupations, and pastimes of its former inhabitants; who, within these few years, have been gradually retiring from the invading prevalence of manufactures, wealth, and corruption of manners.

In early childhood, Smollet disclosed a lively wit, united with a vigorous understanding; and his amiable mother directed his pursuits to the study of men and manners.

At Dumbarton grammar-school he acquired the rudiments of the classics, exhibiting throughout the progress of his studies, decided proofs of the acuteness of his understanding, the fertility of his imagination, and the independence of his spirit.

From Dumbarton, at a proper period, he removed to the university of Glasgow, where he prosecuted his studies with equal diligence and success, and contracted a predilection for the study of medicine, which induced his friends to apprentice him to Mr. John Gordon, a surgeon of extensive practice, and a man of good sense, integrity, and benevolence.

Speaking of his master—subsequently Dr. Gordon—in the character of Bramble, in his *Humphry Clinker*, Smollet says, “that had he lived in ancient Rome, he would have been honoured with a statue at the public expense.”

“Being born,” continues his biographer, “to the prospect of no hereditary riches, and brought up amid scenes which chiefly recalled the memory of warriors and military exploits, he had early imbibed romantic ideas, and expressed a strong inclination for the profession of arms, rather than the profession which sent him.”

‘To wait on pain, and silent arts to urge,
Inglorious.’

But the particular bias which his mind had received from early impressions, was thwarted by his situation: for, his eldest brother having chosen the profession of a soldier, his grandfather prudently discouraged the inclination young Smollet expressed to follow his brother’s example, thinking he should be able to promote their advancement in separate professions more effectually than in the same line.

“During his apprenticeship, he studied anatomy and medicine under the different professors of the university, with sufficient diligence and reputation. These lectures, however, did not engross his whole attention: he found leisure to cultivate the study of general literature, particularly the belles lettres and poetry; and found opportunities, also, of enlarging his knowledge of the

characters of mankind, which afterwards became his favourite study on a larger theatre."

We cannot record those early anecdotes which at this period developed the genius of young Smollet; but the late Mr. Colquhoun, of Camstraddam, informed Mr. Ramsay, that, while at college, he wrote satires on his cousins: and, that Smollet's conversation, though lively, was one continued string of epigrammatic sarcasms against one or other of the company, for which no talents could compensate.

During his studies at the university, he wrote the tragedy, which was afterwards published under the title of "*The Regicide, or James the First of Scotland.*" It is an extraordinary production for so young a pupil in the dramatic school of literature.

In his eighteenth year, young Smollet had the misfortune to lose his grandfather, who had hitherto maintained him respectably: and in the year following he adventured to London, where his tragedy, at the recommendation, as he tells us, of some literary friends, was taken into the protection of one of those little fellows who are sometimes called great men, and, like other orphans, it was neglected.

Although unsuccessful in their efforts to recommend his tragedy to the managers at the winter theatres, his friends succeeded in procuring him the situation of surgeon's mate to a ship of the line, one in the formidable armament about to proceed to Carthage. The ceremony of passing for his warrant is fully described in his subsequent adventures of *Roderick Random*.

The failure of this expedition Smollet ascribes to the incapacity and misconduct of the commanders.

"The admiral was a man of weak understanding, strong prejudices, boundless arrogance, and overboiling passions. The general, though he had some parts, was wholly defective in point of experience, confidence, and resolution."

At the return of this disgraced armament to Jamaica, young Smollet quitted the service in disgust, and resided for some time on that island, where he became attached to Miss Nancy Lascelles, a beautiful and accomplished native, whom he afterwards married.

In 1746 he returned to London, and practised surgery with the superior advantages of a liberal education, improved by foreign travel, and by the experience he had acquired in the service of the navy. But, however qualified by study, or accom-

plished by practice, his success appears to have been very ill-proportioned to his deserts.

About this period, the rash attempt to restore the House of Stuart to the throne for a while elevated the hopes of the jacobites, and excited the indignation of the loyal people of Great Britain. The accounts circulated in England of the excessive severities practised upon the Highlanders after the memorable battle of Culloden, aroused Smollet's indignation, by offending that *amor patriæ*, which had ever been a cherished feeling in his bosom.

He had been bred a whig, and the sensibility of his heart gave him the feelings of a jacobite. Smarting with the keen sense of his country's wrongs, he expressed his bitter resentment in his pathetic and sublime ode, "The tears of Scotland."

In 1748 Smollet published his *Roderick Random*, which novel was supposed to contain the history of the author's life, under the disguise of fiction—it gained him more reputation than money. In the course of the following year, he took his degree of doctor in medicine, and offered himself a candidate for fame and fortune as a physician; but from what university he obtained this distinction is unknown.

In 1750 he went to Paris to survey the characters of mankind on a new theatre, and soon after wrote his adventures of *Peregrine Pickle*, a work, which certain booksellers took uncommon pains to stifle at its birth. This, like his former work, contained many real characters and incidents; but the most remarkable is the memoirs of *Lady Vane*, the materials for which were furnished to the author by that unfortunate lady, who, in personal charms and in accomplishments, was inferior to no female of her time. Her life, however, exhibits a heart-rending moral to her sex, by delineating the miseries inseparable from misapplication of superior endowments.

Smollet, failing of success in his medical character, retired to Chelsea, where he assumed the profession of an author; in which capacity his genius, learning, and industry, were eminently conspicuous. In him the booksellers found the pen of a ready writer in the path of general literature, comprehending compilation, translations, criticism, and miscellaneous essays. During the progress of his authorship, his political principles were ever unqualified. To the whig administration of Geo. II. he was uniformly, and sometimes indecently, hostile; while his attachment for the tories was unrewarded by the opposition leaders; and the strong enmity he had formerly expressed against theatrical managers, closed the avenues against him, which

might otherwise have conducted him to the most profitable branch of literature.

We do not propose to follow Smollet throughout his literary struggles, or to enlarge on his several works. They are known and appreciated by every reader of literary taste. His translation of *Don Quixote*, in which the character of Sancho Panza is so highly preserved, is irrefragable proof of his having inherited from nature a general fund of original humour; but his talents were versatile as striking: he had a strong sense of ridicule, and a familiarity of style that could adapt itself to every class of composition. He was alternately solemn and lively: he possessed a most inventive genius with a vigorous imagination, and was equally happy in the sarcastic, the burlesque, or the vulgar—rare qualities for a translator of Cervantes.

But we must positively arrest our feelings. The memoirs of Dr. Smollet would occupy a volume with contending interests: his life was greatly chequered by vicissitudes, and his talents depreciated by envy and jealousy; but since his death, his complete *History of England*, with the *Continuation*, has been frequently reprinted, and sometimes in splendid editions; and the metamorphoses of his novels from 24mo. to 8vo. have been too numerous to be particularized. New editions of his travels have been called for, from time to time, and his translations of *Don Quixote* and *Gil Blas* have been unceasingly reprinted.

“The true character of Smollet, however, at the present period, when prejudice and partiality have, in great measure, subsided, will be better understood by an account of his life,* than by any laboured comment; yet, as he had the lot to be always more read than applauded, and less applauded than he deserves, it may not be superfluous to attempt to collect into one point of view his most prominent excellencies and defects, and to endeavour, by stating his literary pretensions, and estimating his worth, to ascertain the rank to which he is entitled among the writers of our nation, and to claim for him the respect which is due to his memory.

“In his person and manners, Smollet was fashioned to prepossess all men in his favour; his figure was manly, graceful, and handsome; and, in his air and manner, there was a dignity that commanded respect, joined with a benignity that inspired affection. With the most polished manners and the finest address, he possessed a loftiness and elevation of sentiment and character, without vanity or affectation: his general behaviour bore the stamp of true politeness, the result of an overflowing humanity and goodness of heart.

* Vide the life of Smollet, prefixed to his miscellaneous works, by Robert Anderson, M.D.

“ He was a man of upright principles, and of great extensive benevolence. The friend of sense and of virtue, he not only embraced, but sought occasions of doing good. He was the reliever of the distressed, the protector of the helpless, and the encourager of merit. His conversation was sprightly, instructive, and agreeable; like his writings, pregnant with wit and intelligence, and animated with sallies of humour and pleasantry.

“ In his opinions of mankind, except when his personal political prejudices were concerned, he was candid and liberal. To those who were above him, he allowed the due superiority; but he did not willingly associate with his superiors, and always with a consciousness of his personal dignity, and with evident indications of pride and reserve. To his equal and inferior he behaved with ease and affability, without the insolence of familiarity, or the parade of condescension.

“ With his amiable qualities and agreeable manners he united courage and independence. In the declarations of his opinions he was open; in his actions he was intrepid; often imprudent. A gentleman in principle, independent in spirit, and fearless of enemies, however powerful from their malignity, or formidable from their rank: no danger could prevent him from saying or doing those things which he conceived in themselves to be right, and in their consequences to be useful to his friends, or his country.

“ He had been bred a whig, and generally adhered to the principles of that party, which suited the independent turn of his mind; but, impressed with a regard for public order and national tranquillity, he maintained a great reserve on the principles of resistance and opposition, amidst acknowledgments of their just foundation, and a sense of the benefits which arise to mankind from their seasonable operation. Regarding liberty as one great basis of national prosperity, he was jealous alike of encroachments on political freedom, and of the abuse of it.

“ He was so far a tory, as to love and revere the monarchy and hierarchy; he was so much a whig, as to laugh at the notions of indefeasible right and non-resistance. He had a sincere love for his country, and a diffusive benevolence for the whole human race. His experience in the world inflamed his indignation against oppression, and his detestation of vice and corruption, in proportion to his love of virtue, and zeal for the public good: and, he thought it no violation of charity to stigmatise fraud, profligacy, and hypocrisy.

“ But, in his support of persons and measures, he sometimes considered only the persons and measures, without taking other objects and relations into the account. He was, more frequently, influenced by personal attachment, and hurried on by present impulse, than guided by comparative views of real advantage, examined by impartial reason. He was too apt to mistake the power of prepossession for the force of conviction. His opposition to

men in power, often, in its warmth, exceeded the importance of the subject. He was, occasionally, misled by a heated imagination, strong resentment, and the mortification of disappointed hope, into bitterness and party violence, long kept alive by the indecent and irritating provocations of triumphal adversaries.

“ Under these impressions, his descriptions, as a historian, were often distorted; and his decisions, as a critic, were sometimes warped by personal prejudice, and expressed in the harsh terms of contempt. He was jealous of his own fame, almost the sole reward of his labours, but he was not envious of that of others. He was easily provoked; but the vengeance he took was public, not circulated in whispers. Whatever end he pursued, he followed with an eagerness that was not necessary to compass it. The defects in his temperament, natural or habitual, made him unprosperous and unhappy. His sensibility was too ardent; his passions were too easily moved, and too violent and impetuous. His disposition was irritable, imprudent and capricious; his candour frequently became incredulity; his liberality often subjected him to deception: his favours were generally bestowed on the most undeserving of those who had recourse to his assistance, not so much from want of discernment, as from want of resolution—for, he had no fortitude to resist the importunity of even the most worthless and insignificant. He neglected, sometimes, to make use of the acute remarks he has made on the characters and conduct of others. In the domestic relations, his conduct was tender, affectionate, and exemplary. In friendship, he was ardent and steady; and the cordial esteem of his friends and acquaintance is an honourable testimony to his moral and social character; but in the latter part of his life, he sometimes very feelingly bewailed the neglect and ingratitude he had experienced, in consequence of the mistaken connections he had formed, and to which every man of warm attachments will be exposed. He was known, however, to no man by whom his loss was not sincerely regretted.

“ In the practice of physic, for want of suppleness, application, and perseverance, he never was eminent. As an author, he was less successful, than his happy genius and acknowledged talents certainly deserved. His connections were extensive, his friends numerous and respectable. He was intimately acquainted with the most eminent of his literary and poetical contemporaries; he was respected by the world as a man of superior talents, wit, and learning, and had rendered himself serviceable to men in power; but he never acquired a patron among the great, who, by his favour or beneficence relieved him from the necessity of writing for a subsistence. Booksellers may be said to have been his only patrons; and, without doubt, he made a great deal of money by his connections with them, and had he been a rigid economist, he might have lived and died very independent. He was not of that turn of mind which disposes men to become rich, and probably could not have made a fortune in any situation of life. But his

difficulties, whatever they were, proceeded not from ostentation, or from extravagance. He was hospitable, but not ostentatiously so: his table was plentiful, but not extravagant. An irritable and impatient temper, and a proud, improvident disposition, were his greatest failings. In alleviation of his defects, let it be remembered, that a composed and happy temper, a heart at ease, and an independent situation, the most favourable circumstances perhaps to an author's fortune, was not the lot of Smollet. With a necessary indulgence of his frailties and errors, and making due allowance for a spirit cramped by a narrow fortune, wounded by ingratitude, and irritated by the malignant shafts of envy, dullness, and profligacy, it would be difficult to name a man so respectable for the extraordinary powers of his genius, and the generous qualities of his heart.

The predominant excellencies of his mind were fertility of invention, vigorous sense, brilliant fancy, and versatile humour. His understanding was quick and penetrating; his imagination lively; his memory retentive; and, his humour original. In the course of his literary career he had written variously and much. His writings must be allowed as proofs of a versatility, as well as fecundity of talents, not to be disputed, and perhaps seldom or never exceeded by any writer in the same period of years.

"In extent and variety of science and erudition he has been surpassed by many; but he shews in his compositions, that he was intimately acquainted with Greek and Roman literature, and had studied with success the various branches of modern learning. He had an extensive knowledge, not only of physic and the arts and sciences, but in moral and political philosophy, in ancient and modern history, in the laws and institutions of Europe, and, in the constitution and government of his own country.

"But, the principal subject of his deliberate enquiry was the human character; and, in his literary progress, the representation of life and manners was his principal object. Man he surveyed with the most accurate observation. His understanding acute and vigorous, was well fitted for diving into the human mind: he had a strong sense of impropriety, and a nice discernment, both of natural and moral beauty and deformity. His humour, lively and versatile, could paint justly and agreeably what he saw in absurd or ludicrous aspects. He possessed a rapid and clear conception, with an animated, unaffected, and graceful style.

"With much simplicity, he has much purity, and, is at the same time both forcible and copious. His observations on life, are commonly just, strong, and comprehensive; and, his reasoning generally sound and conclusive. His perceptions of beauty and deformity are vivid and distinct, his feelings ardent, his taste correct. His satire is prompt and natural, yet keen and manly. His humour, though lively and pungent, is not perhaps equal in strength and elegance to that of Congreve and Swift. In chastity and elegance it is inferior to that of Addison, but equal in purity

and moral tendency to that of his contemporary Fielding. It is poignant, sprightly, variegated, and founded in truth; it successfully exposes hypocrisy, impropriety, and such vices as are objects of ridicule. To trace the latent sources of human actions, and to develop the various incongruities of conduct arising from them, was the favourite bent of his mind; and, in describing objects of this kind, whether in the way of fabulous narration, or dramatic composition, he is so peculiarly happy, that as a natural and humorous painter of life and manners, he has reflected the highest honour on the place of his nativity, and must even be considered by his country among the first of her sons in literary reputation."

To conclude—During a residence in Italy, Smollet published, in 1771, his *Expedition of Humphrey Clinker*, in three volumes 12mo; in which, under the character of Matthew Bramble, whimsically fretful and misanthropic, he humourously represented his own failings.

This was his last publication. A life of labour, of honourable industry, and of many difficulties and disappointments was now drawing to a close. He lingered through the summer, during which his strength gradually failed him; but he retained his lively humour, his fortitude, and his composure to the last. He died on the 21st of October, 1771, in the 51st year of his age. A plain monument is erected to his memory by his disconsolate widow, on which an admirable inscription, by his friend Dr. Armstrong, is modestly engraven.

HISTRIONIC SKETCHES.

ART. II.—KEMBLE AND TALMA.

THESE gentlemen we understand to have been contemporary students at the Jesuits College; and, to the enlightened instructions of that, then, pre-eminent academy, they stand indebted for the superiority of their classical endowments.

In their riper years, whatever else the wishes of their friends, each appears to have been devoted by taste to the attainment, and by assiduity to the perfection of, the dramatic art. And yet, nature has very partially assisted their ambition. Mr. Kemble's person is noble—M. Talma's is almost diminutive; but each presents us with a bust, so truly Roman, that it might serve a statuary for a model.

Talma's features are rigidly marked; but his eyes are so quick, and so piercing, that they diffuse variety, and apparent flexibility, throughout his countenance. Kemble's animated features are exclusively adapted to a delineation of all the loftier passions of the soul. Talma's voice is rich, even mellifluous, yet it is susceptible of all that heroic climax, which the poetry of Voltaire exacts from the declaimer. Kemble's voice is, altogether, unmusical; still, it is so obedient to his art, that it electrifies in *Carionius*, and subdues in *Cato*.

In the former character, we never behold Kemble. It is the SPIRIT of the proud, inflexible, imperious Hero of *Coriolanus* that commands our admiration.

In *Cato*, we see all the milder passions of the human heart expressed in chaste declamation, exclusively, the province of a scholar and a gentleman.

Shakespeare, in his poetry, pursues gradation of feeling; and, the sublimity of his pathos is exquisitely shaded by delicacy and grace. Voltaire, on the contrary, is impetuous; his delineations of the human mind are conceived with gigantic vigour: they are imperative,—never insinuating. But, in one essential excellence, the genius of these two great actors assimilates. We mean, in what is termed the bye-play of the piece.

Talma, released from the fetters of his author, is eloquent in silence. He unfolds his natural sensibility: he freely displays a masterly acquaintance with the minutest affections of the heart. To substantiate Kemble's perfection on this head, we will merely direct our reader's attention to his *Cato*, when the approaching bier, announced by muffled drums, advances with the dead body of his son.

Here Mr. Kemble surpasses all expectation. To his obedient features, he communicates the sterner virtue of the Roman father; but, during the solemn pause of the procession, while Stoicism is firmly stamped on his expressive countenance, we discover the inward workings of a parent's sorrows. His bosom heaves with repressed, yet violent emotion. Every sinew of his bare neck swells almost to bursting—the conflict is agonizing—he is nearly suffocated by nature; till, at length, the Roman triumphs; and, with an air of exultation, turning to view the corse, *Cato* exclaims: "Thanks to the gods, my boy has done his duty!"

Talma, however, is the idol of the French stage; and we have seen Kemble, lately, in his best characters at almost empty benches. The French are said to be light, puerile, and fantastic, in all their pursuits. What shall we say of the English,

who run after every trifling gewgaw, with as much eagerness, as Peter Pindar tells us Sir Joseph Banks pursued the "Emperor of Morocco."

Popinjays!—who, for the capricious indulgence of an ephemeral novelty, with their eyes wide open, relinquish every pretension to truth, taste, judgment, or feeling!

ART. III.—MR. KEAN.

WE speak of this popular performer alone. Fashion has placed him on an eminence, from which he is taught to look down on his contemporaries, and to smile contemptuously on all who arrogantly aspire to rival his supremacy. We do not say this, in disrespect to Mr. Kean; it is not his fault: let him, however, remember, that he who is suddenly exalted by caprice, may, as suddenly, fall—even beneath his own level.

That Mr. Kean possesses an active, untutored genius, we are desirous to admit; but, we deny that he possesses judgment to model its course. His great forte is originality; and, originality of conception, united with grandeur of action, are powerful theatrical attributes. But to what object is this talent directed? To new readings of Shakespeare, by a very young man, whose life, like that of Silvester Daggerwood, has been devoted to the enaction of every species of dramatic mummery, from Alexander the Great to Harlequin, in a petty provincial theatre.

Persons accustomed to look through false optics, and flattered in their delusion, seldom like to peep into the mirror of truth. We do not, now, hold it up "to wound, but to amend."

Not to be diffuse in our retrospect, we will select Garrick from the old school, and enquire what were his deficiencies in the reading of Shakespeare. Dramatic critics tell us, he was a scholar, a wit, a gentleman; and so peculiarly gifted by nature, that he was, equally, the chaste representative of tragedy and of comedy.

May we not therefore presume he could read Shakespeare as well as Mr. Kean? We will put the latter to the test.

We well remember being half killed, in crowding to the third row of the pit, on Mr. Kean's debut in *Hamlet*. It was the first time we had seen him; and the impresssion, at his appearance, was indeed unfavourable. His approach was not marked with the deep-toned melancholy of the Danish prince; but, with an air of shrewd suspicion, which the vivid glances of his inquisitive eyes proclaimed to be the ruling action of his mind. But this novelty was soon lost in others equally absurd; till, in

his scene with Ophelia, where he rudely desires her to retire to a nunnery, he suddenly arrested his hurried exit; and, in a solemn pace, returned to kiss the lady's hand.

It is not easy to describe the pealing applause that almost without ceasing thundered through the house. It now vibrates on our ears. What shall we say? In candour we will admit, that the treatment Ophelia receives in this scene, from Hamlet, is always repulsive to our finer feelings; but we went to see the illustration of Shakespeare's text: and the propriety of this, as it were unpremeditated tenderness, is contradicted by the subsequent speech from the king, on quitting his concealment with Polonius.*

If, therefore, this new reading were agreeable, it was evidently unclassical. We will not speak of the person and accomplishments attributed by our immortal poet to his Hamlet; for Mr. Kean's physical deficiencies are not the objects of our criticism: but we will say, that all the sublime soliloquies in Hamlet, require the polished declamation of a scholar; and, that a prince should always bear the outward and visible characteristics of a gentleman. In this reasonable expectation, however, we were much disappointed, particularly in the grave-scene.

Mr. Kean's fencing has been loudly applauded. But we were taught by the late Angelo, that safety ought never to be sacrificed to grace; and Mr. Kean's attitudes constantly exposed him to danger—his *allongement* is much beyond the power of recovery. But, then, he dies so admirably! —Granted.

In Richard, Mr. Kean has a more natural scope for his abilities. His countenance is peculiarly susceptible of great variety, and his eyes are irresistible. The meaner passions of human nature are best suited to his talents. His hypocrisy is admirable; but, when Richard is divested of all art, and appears towards the close of the play in his natural character—the brave, lofty, and desperate tyrant, is lost in insignificance. Mr. Kean has no skill in dignity.

In Iago, he is too much the barefaced villain. Even the confiding, generous, noble minded Othello, must have been wrought into suspicion by perfidy so glaring. In Othello, he wants every attraction. The magnanimous Moor displays his virtues in grandeur. The beautiful Desdemona, full of her sex's softness, yet capable of fortitude, could never have fallen in love with such a black man as Mr. Kean.

* King. "Love!—his affections do not that way tend;
For what he spake, tho' it lack'd form a little,
Was not like madness——"

On Macbeth we shall be silent; it is an effort of temerity which, we presume, nothing but blind popularity could ever induce Mr. Kean to attempt; but of Romeo we will say a few words.

We are told in panegyrics, laboured through whole columns of the daily press, that in this character Mr. Kean surpassed himself. He gave *new* beauties to his Romeo—he was, forsooth, a heroic lover.

Monstrous idolatry! Romeo—the pretty, whining, romantic, love-sick Romeo—a heroic lover! “O, tell it not in Gath; nor publish it in the streets of Ascalon!” These are, indeed, new readings with a vengeance!

Luke is, unquestionably, Mr. Kean’s best performance. Like the M^cSycophant of Cooke, it seems to be altogether his own. In that character, he may be tame with servility, and imperious without nobility—No one will even ask him to look like a gentleman.

ART. IV.—MRS. SIDDONS AND MISS O’NEILL.

WE do not class these ladies in obedience to our own judgment; but, in compliment to the host of critics who have made it, daily, fashionable so to do. We are not, thank God! so destitute of common sense, as to compare a young novice, whatever her promise, with a retired actress inimitable throughout a long series of dramatic excellence. But, independently of this consideration, we would not do it, because, no two human beings, appearing in the same characters, can possibly display more distinct talents.

Mrs. Siddons possesses a mind which “towers above her sex.” She is the personification of nature—not with its ordinary attributes—but, arrayed in all the loftier energies and commanding passions. Her’s, is not simplicity ornamenting the witchery of youth and loveliness; but, it is a majestic fortitude of the mind, swaying a despotic sceptre over the tributary feelings. A twin mould formed her brother for Coriolanus, and herself for Constance, Lady Macbeth, and Queen Katharine.

Never, we trust, will the good sense of Miss O’Neill, willingly, tempt her to these scenes. She is mild without insipidity; gentle, yet dignified: full of overflowing tenderness, yet full of captivating modesty. With her, the ardour of a wife’s embrace is more fervent than we have ever witnessed on the stage; but it is so chaste—so purely the divine impulse of con-

jugal tenderness, predominating in every fibre of her heart, and glowing in every feature of her face, that the most sentimental prude may gaze—admire—applaud!

In Isabella, memory so clings to the unfading triumphs of Mrs. Siddons, we almost shrank from the indulgence of a hope, that the character could be revived with any pretension to success. Yet—it has been revived; and in a way that must, also, leave its indelible impression.

Miss O'Neill's superiority is confined to two scenes. That, in which she kneels to implore protection for her boy, from his unnatural paternal grandfather—Heavens! what a picture she exhibits of maternal worth!—And, that in which she fully recognizes Biron; when in the frenzy of her joy she forgets, for the moment, that she has a second husband.

But, in her address to the ring, where Mrs. Siddons was accustomed to paralyze—where she aroused insensibility, and dimmed the vision of her agonized audience, Miss O'Neill restrains her passions within their native bounds; and, by not presuming, charmed!

Isabella, however, is not an ordinary woman. We turn to Mrs. Beverly: and, in so doing, we will make one or two prefatory observations.

There are certain delusions in the scenic art, so operative in their magic, that sober judgment yields, for the evening, to their potent influence. Of this description, was the Lady Teazle of Miss Farren. It was impossible to gaze on her highly finished drawing of a woman of fashion, without forgetting her ladyship was a mere rustic beauty, just transplanted from obscurity into the regions of haut-ton. Her graceful manners, and accomplished smile, threw an oblivion over the country Miss, whose elegant amusements had been confined to “a game at put with the curate—combing her aunt Deborah's lap dog—and drawing patterns for ruffles she had not materials to make up.”

When Mrs. Dickons, in the Beggar's Opera, electrifies her audience with a brilliant display of contending science and execution, we forget the simple ballad that Gay destined for a jailor's daughter. And, when Mrs. Siddons gave heroism to the character of the unassuming Mrs. Beverly, she invariably cheated us of every effort at criticism.

But, who is the Mrs. Beverly of Miss O'Neill? She is the exemplary wife drawn by the author; and nature has peculiarly enriched Miss O'Neill with talents for the delicate representation. Her voice, in its lower tones, is as clear and distinct as that of Mrs. Siddons; but, it is deficient in that lady's depth

and boundless capacity. Happily, the latter endowment is not essential to Mrs. Beverly.

Miss O'Neill's countenance is beautiful; and susceptible only of the passions of love and grief—but, then, Mrs. Beverly's attractions are wholly independent of the fire of Mrs. Siddon's eye, the grandeur of her disdain, or the heart-rending variations of her authoritative features. Mrs. Siddon's tyrannized over our passions—Miss O'Neill simply steals our hearts.

We could linger with enthusiasm on every scene of this play. At the opening, we behold a female characterized by all the softer allurements of her sex. A young, lovely, and ill-fated wife, bred in accomplishment, nurtured in affluence, and familiar with all the elegancies of life, yet self divested of the pageantries of distinction, and clad in a humility proportioned to her fallen fortunes. Proud, ONLY, in her firmly rooted attachment to a desperate husband, she clothes her lovely countenance in smiles; and, with persuasive vivacity, advocates that beloved husband's cause with his offended sister. The sweetness of her voice, the elegance of her manners, and the ensemble of her lady-like appearance are, in themselves, enough to captivate the most fastidious; but, when a chastened taste, refined judgment, and exquisite sensibility, combine, with these minor accomplishments, to stamp unvarying excellence throughout her arduous struggles, admiration yields to perfect wonder.

Miss O'Neill's affections are boundless; and her grief is marked by tears and sobs that spring from the heart, giving to this interesting detail of domestic woe, a momentary reality never before so forcibly acknowledged. All her dying scenes are overwhelming. Her hysteric laugh and her suffocating convulsions admit of no description—they wholly subdue the audience.

ART. V.—MRS. DAVISON AND MISS WALSTEIN.

MRS. Davison, when Miss Duncan, made her debut on the London boards, at a moment very unfavourable to her real pretensions. The charm of novelty had scarcely marked her appearance, ere the Roscius-mania swept away all attraction save its own. When the public recovered their senses, Miss Duncan, therefore, was a veteran performer.

We do not propose to attach any very superior excellence to this lady's performance; but we take delight in doing justice to the talents she unquestionably possesses. These consist in a compound of the fine lady and the romp. We have sat, with great pleasure, to see her in characters peculiar to Miss Farren;

and, in others, peculiar to Mrs. Jordan: and although she does not reach the merits of either, she ever commands attention, and ensures applause. We know not why, but the managers do not always place this lady to advantage. We have seen her, however, in *Letitia Hardy*, which we think her element.

In this character we propose to speak of Miss Walstein. It is a great misfortune to any debutante, to come before a London audience with a flattered reputation. Miss Walstein has long reigned *Lady Paramount* on the Dublin stage, and probably expected equal admiration here. But she has been disappointed. We saw her first in *Letitia Hardy*, and considered her countenance better adapted to tragedy than to comedy. She wants youth in this character; but Mrs. Jordan has taught us not to consider that a legitimate qualification. Let us, therefore, confine ourselves to acting.

It appears to us, that the hoyden scene should be characterized by an apparent naïveté—a rustic simplicity—occasionally enlivened by flashes of native sensibility. Doricourt tells us “of the fire of the ideot’s eyes.” This Miss Walstein has mistaken. Her volubility is coarse; her vivacity, boisterous; and her country wit, vulgar.

At the masquerade, where the *travelled* Doricourt is enslaved by the personal graces, poignant wit, and eloquent accomplishments, of a mask, we expect to see those captivations which he so rapturously describes.

Again, Miss Walstein is mistaken. Her talents and manners are decidedly above mediocrity; but the latter are displayed in studied attitude, instead of intuitive grace.

When dressed for conquest, her figure appeared to advantage: but we cannot be satisfied with artificial allurements, when we look for positive fascination. She wanted sentiment in describing what she would be to the man of her heart; and, at the critical moment of removing her mask, she did not evince that fluttering sensibility which ought to be inseparable from the most momentous action of Miss Hardy’s life. We pen this critique with reluctance, as we think Miss Walstein will always be a respectable actress, provided she do not attempt to climb too high. She has since been more successful in *Jane Shore*, and we congratulate her with sincerity.

We cannot close this article, without noticing Mrs. Davison’s *Juliana*. Elliston and herself are worthy each other in the *Honey Moon*.

ART. VI.—YOUNG AND RAE.

As we name these gentlemen more in the way of respect, than of criticism, our remarks will be brief.

Mr. Young and Mr. Rae closed their juvenile studies with the well earned reputation of scholars. Indeed, so liberal were their classical attainments, either might have, honourably, adventured a candidate for fame and fortune in any of our learned professions. But taste directed their views to a career less eminently classed, although certainly not less arduous.

Mr. Young, by a steady pursuit of dramatic laurels, has long been a rising favourite with the judicious amateur. In Cassius he is the noble rival of Kemble's Brutus: each is a shade to the others merit; and justice almost poises the scale between the fiery and the philosophic Roman.

Mr. Rae has been far less fortunate, yet equally emulative. His genius, we admit, was permitted to dawn at Drury Lane; and his Hamlet, his Othello, his Jaffier, his Romeo, deservedly excited general applause in a delighted audience. But his sun had not well risen in the theatric hemisphere, when it was adventitiously eclipsed. A COMET appeared!—the managers hailed this new luminary; and, in the zeal of their subsequent worship, they have forgotten, that—

“Not all that tempts the wondering eyes,
And heedless hearts, is lawful prize—
Nor all that glisters—gold!”

Thus, the hopes of Mr. Rae actually bloomed and perished with the little hour that had fostered them!

We no longer behold him in those characters which are peculiar to his talents. The managers no longer appear to appreciate his worth; and he seems doomed to be the victim of popular infatuation.

Let it, however, be remembered, that every liberal and candid critic will persist to maintain, that Mr. Rae possesses pure taste, sound judgment, and correct delivery, ornamented by a good person, appropriate action, and gentlemanly deportment. With these advantages, he is gifted for the personation of Romeo; in which character he is unrivalled by his compeers, even though he do not, with coldly mechanical calculation, “*measure out his grave*” like any city undertaker.

LAW REPORTS.

ART. VII.—CRIM. CON.

SHERIFF'S COURT, BEDFORD STREET, DECEMBER 10, 1814.

The Earl of Roseberry, v. Sir H. Mildmay.

WE do not select this cause as a celebrated law decision, but as a celebrated record of high-born depravity. Not, again, because it is a crim. con. action; for adultery is too fashionably prevalent to give it importance as a vice: but because this action is strongly marked with more than ordinary atrocity. The adulteress was sister to the defendant's lately deceased wife.

The plaintiff, a nobleman of ancient creation, in the northern part of the kingdom, married, in the year 1808, the eldest daughter of the Hon. B. Bouverie; a lady of the most exquisite beauty and accomplishments, and scarcely in her eighteenth year.

My Lord and Lady Roseberry lived together in perfect harmony. Their union was blest with four children—two sons and two daughters; and her Ladyship's conduct was that of an exemplary wife and mother, until seduced from the paths of rectitude by Sir Henry Mildmay.

It would appear, that the relationship by marriage, by uniting the two families in the strictest bonds of friendship, had peculiarly given to Sir Henry and to Lady Roseberry those opportunities which they so fatally employed to the destruction of their own honour, and the eternal peace of mind of the too confiding, honourable Lord Roseberry.

Public curiosity has been so much excited by this discovery, that we should deem it intrusive to enter into a minutiae of detail. Suffice it to say, that Lady Roseberry, now only twenty-four years of age, had not been educated according to the fashionable system of voluptuous accomplishment; but was reared by a father, more distinguishable for the possession of every virtue that can elevate and adorn human nature, than for his high descent. Sir Henry is not more than twenty-seven years of age, and made his visits through a window to the lady's bedchamber, where he was eventually detected by Mr. Primrose, in the garb of a common sailor, with his beard unshaven. In this base disguise he was dismissed by the way he had entered.

On the defence, Mr. Brougham, with great eloquence, deplored the melancholy event which occupied the attention of the

court, forbearing to glance the slightest imputation on the truly honourable character of my Lord Roseberry. The letters that passed between the guilty parties were not only romantic, but amorous beyond the bounds of delicacy. The disgraced pair now cohabit in France.

From this brief statement we will draw a few reflections on adultery. It is a crime which in its commission displays a variety of shades. Some *well-bred* husbands will not see the vices of their wives; and, notwithstanding the infamy is notorious, that my lady entertains her *cecibéo*, and that my lord keeps his Opera dancer, yet the fashionable world is not so prudish as to brand the wife with dishonour, when the husband appears to approve her conduct. This is the *delicacy* of refined principles, and an *amiable* proof of highly polished manners.

These accommodating *hautontiadés* do not interfere with each others pleasures. They politely live together in the same house, eat at the same table, and are patterns of conjugal felicity.

"Nothing," says Joseph Surface, "makes a lady so indifferent to the opinions of others, as a consciousness of virtue." One little faux-pas, on the other hand, will make her so sensitive in appearances, that her amours often continue unexposed even to her family. But as repeated security will sometimes lull caution to a momentary sleep, and notwithstanding detection follow, what is the result? One species of man of honour resorts to the courts, and receives his damages, in full compensation of a worthless wife. It is a nine days wonder! If a duel be the consequence, no matter—the recollection is soon lost in some other novelty.

A divorce obtained, sometimes the guilty parties intermarry: the adulteress is made an honest woman: she is restored to society. What, if a lady desert a young family of beautiful children! will her second marriage lull to peace the pangs of outraged nature? Yes—ambition will calm these uninvited whisperings, when her infamy has elevated her to the rank of a Countess; and, still more so, when it creates her a Duchess. On the passing of the divorce bill, the exalted wanton goes to church—not in the penance of a white sheet, but in the magnificence of a French lace robe, attended by bridesmaids, displaying, like herself, the emblems of purity around their outward persons: while, in that sacred edifice, before the altar, and in the presence of her offended God, the unblushing adulteress DARES, with perjured lips, to breathe new vows from a sullied and a corrupted heart!

That a Countess, or a Duchess, may chance to feel the sting

of these remarks, we do deplore—but example does not originate with us: we borrow it from others.

From these right honourable sinners, we will turn to another species of husband: previously, however, let us consider marriage both as a divine and human institution.

Marriage, the sacred ordinance of the Almighty, is a covenant pledged at the altar, by which the human race is increased and multiplied, and the casualties and infirmities of humanity are soothed by the endearing ties of reciprocal affection. In its civil acceptation it is the bond of society. It is a moral union of the sexes, by which domestic felicity is insured, and worldly wealth is handed down uninterruptedly to posterity.

In civilized states it is the reward of virtuous love, and gives a chastened rapture to purified desire. With the softer sex it unfolds the noblest energies of the human mind in the progressive duties of daughter, wife, and mother. To man, it is the cheering solace of his labours. His avocations in an active profession fulfilled, the fatigues of the day are forgotten in the charms of his domestic fire-side. His wife is his treasure—his children his joy. They form a family compact within themselves, in which each has an allotted part. The harmony thus preserved is beautiful. Reared in virtuous principles, they feel their dependence on their Maker. Religion mingles with their enjoyments. In prosperity, they are grateful for the blessings they possess. In adversity they are resigned, and bow with patient fortitude before the chastening hand of Providence.

In barbarian societies marriage still preserves its virtuous attributes. It represses illicit appetite; it calls forth parental affection; and it goads even the indolent to make provision for their offspring.

All this, however, is rather the INSTITUTION, than the RESULT of marriage. In proportion as civilization refines, licentiousness increases in every polished state. The occupations, amusements, studies, and accomplishments, of the fashionable world teem with dormant provocatives to inflame highly educated sensibility. Learning, the arts, the sciences, all have their share in vitiating the heart. Indeed, some of the brightest ornaments of our literary schools, disseminate concealed poison throughout the most brilliant efforts of the human understanding. Pope is celebrated for his *Eloise* to *Abelard*; *Voltaire* for his *Pucelle d'Orleans*; *Rousseau* for his *Nouvelle Heloise*; *Goëthe* for his *Werther*. These, and many others we could name, seduce the mind, by leading the heated imagination to forbidden indulgences. The arts and sciences unveil the mysteries of nature; and the fashionable accomplishments and

dress of the day remove whatever little barrier may be left for the protection of native modesty.

Hence it is that marriages become a hateful bond. Voluptuousness lights her torch at the shrine of Hymen; but when satiety succeeds, the roving heart pursues some new enjoyment. And when an honourable husband, too late, discovers that he has given his affections, and linked his fate with a woman mentally depraved, although corporeally virtuous, how shall his high-minded sense of honour provide for the continuance of such unstable chastity? It is an agonizing doubt; and the best concerted precautions are feeble instruments of safety. If he protect his wife by being the constant companion of her pleasures, he is ridiculed as a jealous monster: if he leave her to solitary pursuits, and temptation follow, he is censured as a conniving husband. What a task has he to undertake! He must protect the wife, whose beauty has enamoured him, whose accomplishments enslave him, whose virtuous wishes are his primary law. She is the mother of his beauteous children. Yet does she stand upon a precipice, from which her own frailty and the villany of others may, alas! too soon, hurl this adored object to perdition. What step shall he pursue to avert this evil?

To-day his heart bounds in the fulness of his felicity. He possesses a jewel, compared with which the treasures of the East would lose their lustre. To-morrow the seducer comes, and with him all the ills of mental torment. The estrangement of his wife's affections becomes too obvious to be misconceived. She receives his tenderest cares with coldness—his chastened endearments with disgust: his honour is blasted—his happiness is wrecked—his home is his dungeon—his former bliss becomes his present bane! His heart shuts itself up in solitude, and withers—he dies a living death!

Perhaps he may appeal to the law. Alas! what relief can that afford him? Will it pour balm into his afflicted bosom? Will it heal his wounded honour? No!—he cannot estimate his loss by arithmetic, or state the sum total of his miseries by the cold rules of calculation. He scorns so base a compromise; and hurries from the court, with contempt written on his brow, and indignation boiling in his heart.

Now let us pursue the weaker criminal awhile. Immorality, we will presume, has not assumed a sovereignty over conscience. In a moment of delirium she sank impulsively into the arms of a villain. Her mind did not consent, but her passions controuled her better judgment—passions, not the native inhabitants of her constitution; but passions artificially created by an indulgence in fashionable customs. What is to be expected

from the prudence of a girl just bursting upon the world, in the delicious bloom of sixteen maturing summers, who, from the dangerous impressions of her private studies, repairs, in all the vanities of revealed beauty, to the fascinations of the ball room? There she waltzes with an elegant youth; and, as she repeats the mazy round, her whirling head and wildly-throbbing bosom unconsciously resign her almost naked person to the fervent embrace of her too dangerous partner. They are so united by the dance, that he almost inhales the languor issuing in broken sighs from her voluptuous lips: the pressure of his surrounding arms communicates infection; and she retires from the delights of the evening full of new, but imperative wishes.

What can be expected from such a system of education? What, but the fate of the beautiful and accomplished Lady Roseberry, although, as we have stated, her ladyship has not this plea for her frailty!

Now to the catastrophe. The guilty hour of rapture flown, the veil of delusion drops. The unhappy culprit begins to think of her husband. She ponders on his faithful attachment—his smiles of love—his anticipation of her wishes—his watchful tenderness over her slightest indisposition—his animated joy at her recovery. She sighs for her little innocent, forsaken children. Never—never—will she see them more. They advance, in her imagination, to womanhood. They are orphans; for the infamy of their mother hurried their father to a premature grave!—

Maddening vision! shall she implore her husband's forgiveness? Impossible! Shame forbids the rash attempt. Well, then, she is firmly linked to eternal disgrace. The arms of her paramour are her only protection from the bitter scorn of an unfeeling world. We will pursue this picture no longer. Jane Shore now stands before us in the last agonies of life, and we tremble at our own reflections.

Lastly, to the seducer. In what language shall we pourtray his crime? In this world the glittering illusions of fashion may preserve him from the horrors of habitual despair; but, at that thrice dreadful hour, when the soul is about to quit its mortal tenement, and to appear before an all just God, where are his hopes?

Let us not be censured as the stern reviewers of fashionable* morality; for, in this our lesson, we are the friends of the rising generation. May our admonition be impressive! E.

* Consult Gibbon, vol. viii. p. 57 to 70.—Jacob's Law Dictionary, art. Adultery.—Blackstone's Commentaries, vol. iv. pp. 64, 65, 191.—Sale's Koran, vol. i. pp. 55, 56, 90, 91, 93, 129.

THE BELLES LETTRES.

ART. VIII.—*Cours de Belles Lettres. Par J. G. DUBOIS FONTANELLE, Ancien Professeur de Belles Lettres à l'école centrale du Département de L'Isère, Professeur d'Histoire, Doyen de la Faculté de Lettres de l'Académie de Grenoble, Conservateur de la Bibliothèque Publique, et Membre de la Société des Sciences et des Arts de la même Ville. Tom. 4. Pp. 467, 444, 355, 835. A Paris, chez G. Dufour.—IMPORTED, De Boffe, Soho. April, 1815.*

NATURE is the unerring model of Art; Truth is the chaste associate of Nature; and Taste is their graceful handmaid.

The belles lettres, critically defined, are the arts of thinking, speaking, or writing, with purity, correctness, and elegance; but in their more comprehensive form they are embodied with the sciences. It is their province to strew flowers in the paths of genius, and to decorate the sombre avenues of elaborate research.

The ardours of science unfold the previously impenetrable mysteries of nature; but it is the belles lettres that allure study with a delicacy of persuasion, which gives enthusiasm to sensibility, and dissipates the terrors of obscurity. The properties of the latter, indeed, are still more extended: they unite with the precepts of academic philosophy.

Grace and harmony are by no means independent of the most sublime efforts of the human understanding. Poetry cannot captivate the senses without profound ideas; it may please in vivid flashes of fancy, but classical imagery flows solely from a highly cultivated mind. The precious quality of the diamond originates in the mines: its diffusive brilliancy, however, is reflected by the polish of the artist. Hence the ancients taught the belles lettres to elicit lustre from philosophy. Empidocles, Epicharmes, Parmenides, and all the celebrated Greeks, embellished the sciences with the belles lettres, and both with philosophy.

Socrates professed poetry, eloquence, and philosophy. Xenophon, his pupil, was orator, historian, statesman, warrior, and civilian. In Plato, all the essence of the belles lettres and the sciences are united. Aristotle possessed universal genius: the grandeur of the Attic age was equally sparkling and solid. The Muses presided, at the same time, over eloquence, poetry, history, geometry, astronomy, &c. They formed themselves into a choir; and Homer and Hesiod invoked them, indiscriminately, to their labours.

In short, the belles lettres expand the ideas, ornament the

imagination, and elevate the soul: they polish the manners, and ameliorate the heart. With the weeds of ignorance they disperse those of vice: they enrich the human mind with a peculiar soil, in which the social virtues love to flourish. May we not, therefore, assert, that every nation is ennobled by a liberal protection of the fine arts; and that, in proportion as literature is elevated to dignity, science pursues its emulative rank, and claims its station in the temple of fame?

But, in that ill-fated country, where the philosophy of the senses sways a brazen sceptre over the philosophy of the mind; where Bacchanalian orgies triumph over the philosophic revelations of the Lyceum; where the feast of reason is tributary to the appetites of folly—with what glow of energy, or flow of soul, can genius court the coy favour of the accomplished Nine, or urge its ardent speed towards the heights of Helicon?

To an illustrious court, thus degraded by habit, and mentally enervated by excesses from the *anti-Epicurean** school, we would not announce a classic lecture on the study of the belles lettres. But from a court, dignified by royal example, where the splendid attributes of the throne, like dews from heaven, cherish and expand the blossoms of virtue in a happy people; where talent blooms; where the arts and sciences are laurelled; where literature is fostered; we anticipate, with patriotic joy, the general approbation with which our offering will be hailed.

The scenery of a painting assumes its gradation of tint—from brilliant to opaque—from the complexion of the sky. In like manner, every elegant attainment of the mind borrows its degrees of harmony either from the spirit of the laws, or from the munificence of the sovereign. Formerly, the Romans and the Greeks were vicious or virtuous, in obedience to the rival influence of succeeding rulers. Each was, however, celebrated: the one for martial honours—the other for intellectual renown. The classic scholar mourns over their extinguished glories; whereas, the moralist will compare ancient with modern truths, exemplifying the sympathy that did, and still does, exist between the genius of a monarch and that of his people.

It is recorded, that the Emperor Marcus Aurelius Antoninus—surnamed Heliogabalus—appointed a senate of women in the capitol, over whom his mother presided. Under this “PETTICOAT REGENCY,” Rome soon became a scene of licentious

* This philosophy is frequently misconstrued. Epicurus taught his disciples, that the happiness of mankind consisted in *pleasure*; not such as arises from *sensual gratification*, or from vicious amusements, but those which flow from the enjoyments of the mind—originating always in virtue.

gallantry. The imperial palace was a brothel; and, the most unprincipled characters became the distinguished favorites of a profligate prince. What was the result?—His reign was memorable for the most oppressive taxes: the unheeded citizens groaned, in vain, beneath their heavy burthens: while the selfish emperor's halls were covered with carpets of gold and silver tissue, and the fumes of a debauch evaporated on pillows stuffed with partridge down. He was the first Roman who ever wore a silken dress; and, such was his devotion to personal ornaments, he delighted to enrich his sandals with precious stones.

“ Ill far'd the beauteous city in those days—
Famine stalk'd raving through her silent streets,
And stern oppression drew the galling chains
Close round her captive feet: whilst want
Stretched forth her with'ring hand, and blasted all her fields.”

Now we reverse the medal: Solon, the Greek, founded his magnificence in the blessings and prosperity of his countrymen. He devoted himself to the perfection of a constitution, which, for its wisdom and benevolence, survived him upwards of four hundred years. He instituted the Areopagus: he expelled luxury and intemperance from Athens: he gave protection to the rights and privileges of the humblest citizens!—Cicero, who witnessed the benign influence of this noble code, speaks of its moral worth in terms of glowing admiration.

Hence, Athens became the emporium of learning. All Greece was famed for its proficiency in the arts. At the Gymnasium, wrestlers and dancers exhibited: it was the stage for public exercises; and there, philosophers, poets, and rhetoricians, pronounced their respective compositions to an auditory of many thousand persons. The Atheneum, sacred to Minerva, was likewise open to all professors of the liberal arts: it was the eloquent theatre of public declamation.

Having, as we apprehend, demonstrated the infallibility of our data, we proceed to take into consideration the object of our more immediate review.

This course of lectures is a posthumous publication, composed by a gentleman distinguished by a variety of literary titles; and they are the more honourable, from his having been a member of a community, where learning is equally cultivated and appreciated. The plan is not original; it is, notwithstanding, admirable in its arrangement, and the result of fifty years study and experience, amid the tedious intricacies of scientific discovery.

As professor of belles letters to a public academy, M. Fontanelle appears to have been impressed with the maxim of Cicero, throughout his arduous labours—"Studia adolescentiam alunt, secundas res ornant, adversis perfugium ac solatium præbent delectant domi, non impediunt foris, pernoctat nobiscum, peregrinantur, rusticantur."

And it becomes our duty to analyze his pretensions with those of his predecessors. If we turn to the studies of Rollin, we shall find them enriched with valuable research: they are a treasure to the learned; but, beyond the comprehension of the student. In the treatise of Batteaux we discover a classic adherence to the literature of the ancients, unenlightened by comparison with modern attainment. Like the professors of our universities and public schools, he is the pedant of antiquity, unpolished by the refinements of the present day. His lectures are rigidly methodical; they are cumbrous: no display of grace; no trait of sensibility; but a series of austere classification—repressive, not inviting, to the pupil. With Marmontel, La Harpe, and others, we shall not pursue comparison; but, having briefly stated defects in former writers, we will endeavour to shew the superior claims of the work before us. M. Fontanelle, with his learned predecessors, has studied Greek and Roman authors; but he has given the grace of modern drapery to the classic beauties of Plato, Aristotle, Cicero, Horace, Quinctilian, &c.

Those great men were, severally, celebrated for peculiar talent; but these lectures combine the whole into one magnificent groupe, adapted to the taste and feeling of the nineteenth century. By this arrangement, the grandeur of the picture excited wonder in the mind of M. Fontanelle's pupil; and curiosity once inspired, sensibility panted for more accurate and comprehensive instruction.—It is through the optics of the imagination that the youthful mind is led to voluntary study.

These lectures were publicly pronounced before a general assembly, composed of amateurs of both sexes, as well as pupils. The latter were required to take notes on the substance delivered; and, afterwards, to complete a digest, in continuity, of the whole series. This task was facilitated by a key, presented to the pupils, which gave them immediate access to classic authorities, from which they learned to train their ideas with method and perspicuity—the grand secret of composition: and, by these means, at the close of the whole, each pupil had composed an oration.

The artist commences his studies by drawing certain straight and curved lines; he proceeds to the outline of a figure; even-

tually, he acquires method; precision follows; he then embodies objects; till, becoming proficient in art, he confidently aspires to copy nature. It is the same with every human attainment.

The first volume opens with "A general View of the History of Literature, of the Arts and Sciences, &c." This dissertation is succeeded by preliminary lectures—"On the Belles Lettres;" announcing their importance, and exhibiting various modes of acquirement—"On the Art of Speaking and of Thinking;" with introductory remarks—"On the Art of Writing:" closing, with the first division of his course of lectures—"ON ELOQUENCE," which is defined to be—"Oratorical and Rhetorical."

The study—says M. Fontanelle—of the sciences, the belles lettres, and the arts, naturally involves an ambition to become acquainted with their origin, their progress towards perfection, their decay, and their regeneration. We desire to know at what period, and in what country, they experienced their various revolutions. The veil of mystery, however, shades the records of antiquity; and we are limited to those æras, wherein the brilliancy of reason, dissipating the obscurity of primæval ignorance, sheds a lustre around the intellectual enjoyments of man; presenting him to an admiring posterity, clad in the arts and sciences, and multiplying the comforts of life with the elegancies of refinement.

At remote periods, it was the state policy of tyrants, to maintain their despotism in the ignorance of their subjects. Bigotry and fanataticism, at the present moment, are enforced by the same unnatural influence: for when man is taught the full privileges of his native endowment, reflection instantly revolts at an imposed badge of slavery.—We pass, therefore, beyond this vegetative system, to admire human nature, rejoicing in its pre-eminent attributes, and nurturing the infant sciences in the soil of Greece.

THESSALY.

"Whilst yet the rest of Greece was sunk in night,
The earliest dawn of science and of art
Beamed on these plains; their subtle tenants first
Moulded the lyre's rude form, and from its strings
Drew forth to list'ning crowds the solemn notes
Of Harmony: they first, with daring hand,
Rein'd the proud steed, and taught him to obey
The curb and goad; and from his pastures wild
Led him the future partner of their toils,
In chace and battle: not to them unknown

The potent virtues of each herb and flow'r;
 They first, with skill sagacious, bruise'd the stem,
 Mingled the juices, and to suff'ring man
 Held out the draught to cool his feverish lip.

"Then happy were thy plains, O Thessaly!
 Thy tower'd cities deck'd the wide expanse,
 With opulence and splendour. Plenty roam'd
 Amidst her golden harvests, and her fields
 Smiling with vintage honours. Industry
 Bent cheerful to his daily task, and eas'd
 His labours with a song: at the hoarse blast
 Of war, wide gleam'd thy champaign with the blaze
 Of waving crests and lances, as thy sons
 Arm'd for the battle; and where peace display'd
 Her branch of olive, joyous they return'd
 To clasp a lovely offspring at their gates."

Dr. Haygarth.

This was the first age; that of liberty and republicanism. From Greece science was transplanted to Egypt, to the Indies, and throughout various other parts of Asia. It was, however, an exotic; consequently, subject to great variety of cultivation. Yet, it flourished from the parent root; and the schools of Athens became the wonder of the world: inasmuch, that when the Roman conquerors, hitherto insensible to all save military glory, planted their proud eagles on the towers of Greece, the captors became pupils to the vanquished.

With the acquirement of the Greek language, the Romans gradually lost the asperities which habitual arrogance had engrafted on their own. They became affable, polite, and courteous: the rough soldier was softened into the polished citizen. Hence the approximity of Virgil and Cicero to Homer and Demosthenes. In the Augustan reign, Lucretius, Virgil, Horace, Ovid, Cicero, Tacitus, Titus-Livius, Varron, Vitruvius, &c. were luminaries in the Roman schools. Still the sciences, with the exception of architecture, made no progress. The Romans embellished their superb public edifices with statues and paintings, purchased from the Grecian artists.

It is true the latter had many pupils, but they only rank in the back ground. In Italy the arts had a short and splendid reign. Nature gradually unfolds its charms until they attain a rich maturity: they then progressively decay. And to this philosophical conclusion, we must attribute the rapid growth and decline which marks the generation of the arts.

The death of Alexander was the tocsin of their dissolution. Athens, indeed, preserved splendid memorials of its former illustrious sovereignty; but the effeminacy that subsequently

characterized the Greeks was fatal to their future prosperity. In Rome the arts were sacrificed to religious zeal. When Alexander achieved the conquest of Asia, and Constantinople subsequently became the seat of Eastern empire, the arts of ancient Rome were buried in the ruins of the pagan faith.

Thus, the birth of christianity in Roma Nova, as Constantinople was called, impeded the growth of science. The pontiffs became sovereigns in Rome; and, in their enthusiasm to diffuse the new light throughout the habitable globe, every minor consideration was sacrificed. Indeed, so wholly did fanaticism* seize on popular opinion, that towards the middle of the eighth century it destroyed the public libraries at Constantinople, and at other seats of learning.†

This was the second age—and the pause is long before literature began to revive in Europe. Not, however, with its former splendours. When the human mind has been debased from the proud eminence it had meritoriously attained, its native sensibilities, smarting under the wound, shrink from a bold expansion of their ennobled faculties. We therefore contemplate, without surprise, the feeble energies of re-created science.

The vigour of learning was supplanted by the subtleties of theology. The fall of the Roman empire, and that of other great states, victims of revolutionary ambition, involved a general ruin. The gorgeous palace and the humble cot alike provoked the barbarous pillage of a licentious soldiery; but the churches and the convents were sacred from the pollution of the firebrand. These holy edifices, consequently, became the asylum of learning. Thither the sciences refuged; and they were treasured, like a miser's wealth, from a free and active circulation among society at large.

At those periods, the monks were the only historians; and, towards the close of the tenth century, their monasteries were the only schools, and the Benedictines the only preceptors. Then Latin was the fundamental language; and, as solitude invites study, the muses occasionally visited the cloistered recess. Sculpture taught him to model a Madona for his cell; Painting, to illustrate the page of Holy Writ; Eloquence, to

* Propterea quod in superstitionibus et in sacris Romanorum versatur.—*Vossius, de Hist. Lat.*

† The Kalif Omar destroyed the Alexandrian library, under this pretext,—that if the works taught other tenets than those of the Alcoran, they deserved to be burnt—all knowledge being contained in the Alcoran. Pope Gregoire, in condemning the Palatin library to the flames, observed, that no study could benefit mankind but that which was contained in books of religion.

compose orations to his tutelary Saint; History, to record the legendary tales of former times.

Such was the interval that marked the sciences between their second dissolution and their revival. Italy, again, hailed their regeneration; and the arts, which had formerly flourished under Augustus, now bloomed in the Court of Medicis.

At the conquest of Constantinople by Mahomet II. in 1453, many learned men, deeply skilled in the sciences, retired from the barbarisms of their conqueror to Italy. The reigning Pope, Leon X. of the Medici family, gave them a munificent reception.

We take pleasure, at this passage, to celebrate this pontiff in the elegant language of Pope:

“ But see each Muse in Leo's golden days,
Starts from her trance, and trims her withered bays.
Rome's ancient genius o'er its ruins spread,
Shakes off the dust, and rears his rev'rend head.
Then sculpture, and her sister arts, revive:
Stones leap to form, and rocks begin to live!”

Other princes followed this bright example; and literature resumed its dignity in Europe. Printing was now an active art. The works of Dante, Petrarca, and Boccacio, opened a field to emulation. The Latin classics resumed their empire. Le Pogge, Laurent, Valla, and Philelphe, recalled the taste of Virgil, Homer, and Cicero. The Greeks, who had formerly been teachers to the Romans, now became pupils in the Italian school. The arts shone forth with renovated splendour: the works of Zeuxis, Apelles, Parrhasius, Lysippus, and others, are only known by traditionary panegyric; but Attic sculpture claims our admiration in the living marble, or the animated bronze, that survives the rust of time.

From these monuments of taste we may venture to form our opinions on the perfection at which painting had arrived. They are twin sisters, and their progress must have been “*passibus equis*.” For a length of time the sciences, as well as the belles lettres, were sojourners in Italy. Peace is their gentle nurse, and they shrink from the din of arms, the embattled plain, and all the pageantries of war. To Louis XIV. is ascribed the honour of receiving them at court; and his reign may be called the fourth age.

The age of Louis XIV.,—says the historian—is the age nearest to perfection. Enriched with former discoveries, it embellished the efforts of preceding genius. It might be incorrect to insist that the arts, collectively, displayed more refinement

than in the days of the Medici, Augustus, or Alexander; but it may be urged, that intellectual genius assumed a more comprehensive character. Maxims of pure philosophy incorporated with the arts: they improved the understanding, polished the manners, and ameliorated the heart, under the benign protection of Cardinal de Richelieu.

Nor were these glorious results confined to France: they travelled to England—"cette nation spirituelle et hardie"—where the spirit of refined emulation received them with open arms. They communicated taste to Germany, and scattered the seeds of science in the Russian capital: they re-invigorated the languor of the Italians, and disseminated the polite and social virtues throughout Europe.

The sciences went hand in hand with the belles lettres: they perfected discoveries that had been made in Denmark, in Germany, in Italy, and in England.

Upon this historical foundation, M. Fontanelle has erected the superstructure of his work. Possibly, the concluding positions may appear too national: * his detail, however, which is enlarged, bespeaks the man of taste, of study, of science, and of deep erudition; but, as we shall find, he was not infallible.

The cultivation of the fine arts, we repeat, ennobles a nation; for they cannot thrive in a repulsive soil. Works of taste, or genius, can only be appreciated by the scientific amateur; and when a classic ardour irradiates the soul of majesty, it sheds a splendour throughout his court, and glitters like a starry firmament around a happy and enlightened people!

* Siècle heureux de Louis, siècle que le nature
De ses beaux présents doit combler sans mesure!
C'est toi qui dans la France amènes les beaux arts.
Sur toi tout l'avenir va porter ses regards.
Les Muses à jamais y fixent leur empire:
La Toile est animée et le marbre respire!

Quels Sages, rassemblés dans ces augustes lieux,
Mesurent l'univers et lisent dans les cieux?
Et dans la nuit obscure apportant la lumière,
Sondent ses profondeurs de la nature entière?
L'Erreur présomptueuse à leur aspect s'enfuit,
Et vers la vérité le doute les conduit.

Et toi, fille du ciel, toi, puissante harmonie,
Art charmant qui polis la Grèce et l'Italie!
J'entends de tous côtés ton langage enchanteur,
Et tes sons souverains de l'oreille et du cœur.
Français, vous savez vaincre et chanter vos conquêtes:
Il n'est point de lauriers qui ne couvrent vos têtes.

We shall now attempt some observations on elocution. It is a compound art—oratorical and rhetorical. We lament that this splendid attainment, which has immortalized the names of Cicero and Demosthenes, should be so slightly considered an accomplishment in Great Britain. Classic composition forms a prominent feature in modern education: not so, vernacular composition. It is true, themes are written at our public schools; but they are more a parade than a reality. Greek and Latin orations are sometimes pronounced, on gala occasions, at our universities; and the plays of Plautus and of Terence are, occasionally, performed by the Westminster scholars, and at other Latin seminaries.

The composition of Plautus was considered by the Romans to be a pattern of general imitation. Varro declares, that if the Muses were willing to speak Latin, they would speak the language of Plautus. In the Augustan age, however, when the Roman language became more purified, the comedies of Plautus appeared less refined. When compared with the more elegant Terence, it was discovered, that the wit of Plautus was unchaste—his puns low—and his allusions indiscreet. Still, his comedies are remarkable for variety of well imagined incident; for strength of character; and an interest of depouement naturally woven. Of Terence, Quintilian observes, that he was the most elegant and refined of all dramatic writers. He will be always memorable for having composed the following line, which, with elegant simplicity, advocates the independent privileges of Man,

"Homo sum, humani nil a me alienum puto."

Be these models what they may, the MEANS, notwithstanding, are very unequal to the END. For the honour of our national attainments, however, we will consult modern authorities in the progress of our enquiry into the elements of elocution; and, to that end, we will select the works of Burke, of Sheridan, of Blair, and of Hume; yet, it must be remembered, they were *only* branches of the parent tree.

The powers of eloquence are exhibited—first, in the positive elegancies of composition—secondly, in the imitative arts of declamation. Burke, "On the Sublime and Beautiful," says—

"Now, as words affect, not by any original power, but by representation, it might be supposed that their influence on the passions should be but light; yet, it is quite otherwise: for, we find by experience, that eloquence and poetry are as capable, nay indeed much more capable, of making deep and lively impressions than any other arts, and even than nature

itself in many cases. And this arises chiefly from these three causes. First—that we take an extraordinary part in the passions of others, and that we are easily affected and brought into sympathy by any tokens which are shewn of them; and, there are no tokens which can impress all the circumstances of most passions so fully as words.* So that, if a person speak upon any subject, he can not only convey the subject to you, but likewise the manner in which he is himself affected by it. Certain it is, that the influence of most things on our passions, is not so much from the things themselves, as from our opinions concerning them; and these, again, depend very much on the opinions of other men, conveyable for the most part by words only. Secondly—there are many things of a very affecting nature, which can seldom occur in the reality, but the words which represent them often do; and, thus, they have an opportunity of making a deep impression and taking root in the mind, whilst the idea of the reality was transient; and to some, perhaps, never really occurred in any shape, to whom it is, notwithstanding, very affecting—as WAR—DEATH—FAMINE! &c.

“ Besides, many ideas have never been at all presented to the senses of any men but by word; as GOD—ANGELS—DEVILS—HEAVEN—HELL—all of which, however, have great influence over the passions. Thirdly—by words we have it in our power to make such combinations as we cannot, possibly, do otherwise. By this power of combining, we are able, by the addition of well chosen circumstances, to give a new life and force to the simple object. In painting, we may represent any fine figure we please; but we never can give it those enlivening touches† which it may receive from words. To represent an angel in a picture, you can only draw a beautiful young man—But what painting can furnish any thing so grand as the addition of one word—‘*The Angel of the Lord*!’”

Mr. Burke, however, in the preceding extract, merely describes the influence of words over the passions.—Oratory is still more impressively gifted. Language must be animated by action. The one addresses the understanding; the other captivates the passions. A moving tone‡ of voice, an impassioned

* Can words convey, so perfectly, the description of objects, as painting?

† The celebrated statuary of Cyprus became enamoured of a beautiful female statue. Painting and sculpture possess, equally, representative powers. With respect to effect, this instance could not be surpassed by any combination of words.

‡ “ Elle doit être aisée, naturelle et agréable. L’inflection de la voix contribue beaucoup à la varier. C’est elle qui doit se soutenir d’une manière pleine,

countenance, and agitated gesture, will produce more sympathy in an audience, even when embellishing light subjects, than the most elegant classification of words pronounced without energy and feeling.

Locke contends, that the most general words—those descriptive of good and evil in particular—are taught before the modes of action, to which they belong, are presented to the mind. If the following line, however, be merely uttered by a governess to a juvenile scholar, would the effect be the same, as though it were pronounced by an orator?

“Wise, valiant, generous, good, and great.”

Aristotle had a deformed countenance; yet Cicero compliments him with the title of “*The Man of Eloquence*.” It may, consequently, be inferred, that his oratory was illumined by words—that is, by his fecundity of thought, acuteness of invention, and universal knowledge. And those who read the orations of Cicero, may think their standard merit independent of the action of the speaker, whose silver tongue and native grace, charmed from the Roman forum.

But Demosthenes, notwithstanding he was celebrated for his eloquence, at the early age of seventeen, knew that the sublimities of oratory were, very partially, connected with the beauties of words. He had weak lungs, and a difficulty at pronunciation: these, he sedulously corrected by unwearied practice. To improve his voice, he declaimed with pebbles in his mouth; and, to remove the distortion of his countenance, he studied his utterance before a large mirror: so that his features became obedient and flexible to his purpose.

That his pronounciation might be loud, and full toned by emphasis, he frequently ran up the steepest and most uneven walks; by which extraordinary efforts, his voice acquired force and energy: he declaimed aloud on the sea shore, when the waves were violently agitated, that his passions might acquire scope to triumph over the tumults of a public assembly. These were the animated accompaniments Demosthenes deemed essential to the perfection of his art.

Opinions, at all times, have been at variance with respect to the Roman and the Greek orator. We will celebrate Cicero

ou se surprendre par différentes repos qu'indiquent les divers membres qui composent une période. Ces repos, tantôt insensibles, tantôt marqués, sont nécessaires pour la cadence et l'harmonie; l'oreille les exige, et la poitrine de l'orateur en a également besoin pour respirer, et se mettre en état de fournir sa course, sans peine et sans gêne.”—*Tr. Quinctilien*.

in the elegant language of Fenelon, the archbishop; who, notwithstanding he gives the palm to Demosthenes, is just to the merits of Cicero.

“ Je ne crains pas dire, que Demosthène me paroît supérieur à Cicéron. Je proteste que personne n'admire plus Cicéron, que je fais. Il embellit tout ce qu'il touche. Il fait nonneur à la parole. Il fait des mots, ce qu'un autre n'en sauroit faire. Il à je ne sai combien de sortes d'esprits. Il est même court, et véhément, toutes les fois qu'il veut l'être—contre Catiline, contre Verres, contre Antoine. Mais, on remarque quelque parure dans son discours. L'art y est merveilleux; mais, on l'entrevoit. L'Orateur, en pensant au salut de la republique ne s'oublie pas, et ne le laisse pas oublier.

“ Demosthène paroît sortir de soi, et ne voir que la patrie. Il ne cherche point le beau; il le fait, sans y penser. Il est au-dessus de l'admiration. Il se sert de la parole, comme un homme modeste de son habit, pour se couvrir. Il tonne—il foudroie. C'est un torrent qui entraîne tout. On ne peut le critiquer, parcequ'on est saisi. On pense aux choses qu'il dit, et non à ses paroles. On le perd de vue. On n'est occupé que de Phillipe qui envahit tout.

“ Je suis charmé de ces deux orateurs: mais, j'avoue que je suis moins touché de l'art infini, et de la magnifique éloquence de Cicéron, que de la rapide simplicité de Demosthène.”

The above passages are worthy the resplendent talents of the author of *Telemaque*. They display a pattern for criticism, and are a model of composition. Probably, M. Fontanelle withheld them from his lecture, as they contain decisions unsanctioned by the generality of French critics: the eloquence of Cicero possesses all the dazzling qualities of French taste.

Cornelius Severus, on the proscription of Cicero, exclaims,

“ The tongue of Latian eloquence is mute;
Grief smitten. He, of anxious Romans, erst,
The guard and safety; he, his country's head;
The senate's champion: he, the public voice
Of right and law; the forum's oracle
And organ of the gown—is silent now.”

Elton's Spec. Class. Poets.

“ As the Romans* derived their eloquence, poetry, and learning, from the Greeks,† so they must be confessed to be

* Vide Dr. Blair.

† “ Rome, ceasing to contend, relaxed at length:
Reposed at home; and, curb'd by reins of peace,
Perused the laws, and search'd the arts of Greece.

far inferior to them in genius for all these accomplishments: they were a more grave and magnificent, but a less acute and sprightly, people. They had neither the vivacity nor the sensibility of the Greeks: their passions were not so easily moved, nor their conceptions so lively. Their language resembled their character: it was regular, firm, and stately; but wanted that simple and impressive naiveté—and, in particular, that flexibility to suit every different mode and species of composition, for which the Greek* tongue is distinguished above that of every other country. What the Greeks invented, the Romans polished: the one was original; rough sometimes, and incorrect: the other a finished copy."

But we read that Q. Varus† was utterly rude in his manners, and ungraceful in his delivery; still no public speaker had greater weight in Rome: and that Alfenus,‡ a Roman cobbler, attained from peculiar skill in eloquence his elevation to the consular chair. He was buried at the public expence—an honour conferred on few, and exclusively on superior merit.

If this maxim be correct, "*POETA NASCITUR; ORATOR FIT*:" we may conclude, that Varus surmounted his physical defects by studying and acquiring those pronunciation, accent, emphasis, tones, and pauses, which modulate the voice, and endow speech with the fascination of music. Soft and loud tones in oratory are like the piano and the forte of a fine instrument; but, to touch the heart, to agitate the fancy, and to subdue the soul, gesture must be added to emphasis—the language of emotion must diffuse with the language of ideas.

Possibly we may incur the imputation of aiming at principles of a speculative philosophy, being free to admit that ours is the theory of elocution—yet it behoves us to proceed.

In arranging a course of lectures on eloquence, we would begin by asserting, that words are the symbols of ideas—no more. Addison calls words the "*images of things*." Man is not wholly made up of intellect: the mind is diversified with powerful illusions called fancy, and with imperative attributes called passions. Words alone cannot communicate these emotions: we seek their expression in the susceptibilities of the countenance. Features are eloquent in silence: they pourtray,

This meed her wars by earth and sea repaid,
And what she won, her counsels mild'y sway'd.
On these her glory stood; for these were all:
Remove the base—she tottered to her fall."

Sulpitia.

* "*Graius ingenium, Graius dedit ore rotundo
Musa loqui—*"

Ars. Poet.

† Cic. de Orat. 1. c. 25.

‡ Horat. 1 Sat. 3.

without the aid of words, the trembling emotions of timidity, bashfulness, hope, apprehension, pity: the active emotions of joy, love, admiration, benevolence: the turbulent emotions of rage, jealousy, hatred, ambition, revenge; with a variety of others. There is, moreover, the laugh of joy, and the laugh of ridicule; the laugh of anger and the laugh of contempt. All these form a peculiar language intelligible throughout the world—it is the language of nature.

When a studious, reflecting, and educated mind, ponders on the soaring genius of Milton, or the exalted energies of our immortal Shakespeare, *in the closet*, he may elevate his imagination, and astonish his judgment—but he can proceed no farther. Let him, however, accompany Mrs. Siddons to her public readings, and he will be taught to acknowledge, that language is a mere vehicle to communicate ideas; while emphasis enlightens the understanding, and gesture commands the feelings.

In elocution, the two great articles are—force and grace;* the one is founded in nature; the other in art. When united, they cordially assist each other; when separated, their powers are distinct. Nature can do much without art; whereas art is almost passive† without nature. The one assaults the heart—the other plays upon the fancy. Force of speaking will produce commotion, and impress conviction; grace inspires pleasure, and excites admiration."

Combine these powers, and elocution assumes a sovereign dignity.

The whole arcana, possibly, of British eloquence, is developed in the funeral oration of Mark Anthony over the dead body of his murdered friend; but, will any one be hardy enough to believe, that Anthony could have so moved the hearts of the citizens of Rome, by placarding his oration throughout the market place? The genius of Cato—the calm, the dignified,

* "La Grace—says Voltaire—n'est pas, seulement, ce qui plait, mais ce qui attire." It may be added—that "VENUS" would cease to be the "GODDESS of BEAUTY," if unattired by the "GRACES."

† Statues are frequently gigantic, consequently beyond the limits of nature: paintings are mostly diminutives of objects. Still, art classically approximates to nature when it is chaste in design, and harmonise proportions. "*Ex pede, Herculem!*" is the motto of an artist. The colossus of Rhodes was cast in brass; the height of the statue was one hundred and five feet; and few persons could clasp round the thumb. This wonderful production of art, was the workmanship of Chares, disciple of Lysippus, and occupied the labours of twelve years. It fell during an earthquake, and remained in ruins nearly nine hundred years: it was, at length, sold by the Saracens to a Jew, who loaded nine hundred camels with the brass, value—thirty-six thousand pounds, sterling money of Great Britain!

the philosophic Cato—is finely **delineated* by the author; but, it was animated by Dr. Sheridan, and continues so to be by Mr. Kemble.

The pathetic graces, in the present day, exclusively attach themselves to Miss O'Neill, and are proud of their abode.—

“Every passion has its peculiar tone, look, and gesture: the muscles, nerves, blood, and all the animal spirits, contribute to the display of internal commotion. The eye, of all the organs, contains the greatest variety. But nature has annexed to the passion of grief, a more forcible character—that of tears.”

This is the eloquence of Miss O'Neill; it is the oratory by which she dissolves all hearts, and awakens sympathy to a luxurious enjoyment of woe.

“She said—her brim-full eyes that ready stood,
And only wanted will, to weep a flood,
Released their wat'ry store, and pour'd amain,
Like clouds low hung, a sober show'r of rain:
Mute, solemn sorrow, free from female noise,
Such as the majesty of grief destroys:
For bending o'er the cup, the tears she shed,
Seem'd, by the posture, to discharge her head
O'er filled before: and oft her mouth applied
To the cold heart, she kiss'd at once, and cry'd.”

Independently of attitude, we will speak of another visible language—that of the hands. “¶ With respect to the power of the hands, every one knows that with them we can demand or promise; call, dismiss, threaten, or supplicate; ask; deny; shew joy, sorrow, detestation, fear, confession, penitence, admiration, respect; and many other things now in common use. But how much further their powers might be carried, through our neglect of using them, we know not.”

A truth, thus lamentable, proclaims the degradation of a country; but ere we extend that point, let us exemplify Dr. Sheridan's observations on “VISIBLE LANGUAGE.”

When a child of four years old, says to her offended mama—
“do, pray, forgive me this once, and I will never do so any

* Eupulation is a certain road to attainment, when the adventurer pursues the path of truth; but the SARCASTIC Penruddock, is no more like Cumberland's philosophic misanthrope, than Yorrick, the king's jester, is like Yorrick, the sentimental traveller—*New Reading!!!*

† Vide Dr. Sheridan.

§ Vide Dryden's beautiful description of Sigismunda mourning over the urn of Guiscardo.

¶ Vide Dr. Sheridan.

more"—the parent is not persuaded by this mechanical arrangement of words; but when she beholds her little darling in the visible language of entreaty; with bended knees, timidly imploring eyes, and gracefully uplifted hands—her bounding heart sympathises with this powerful appeal of nature, and she becomes a convert to infant oratory.

There are other shades in dumb eloquence. When the babe of Lysippe had crept on hands and knees, to the extremity of a lofty precipice, despair hushed the trembling mother into an awful silence—she feared to breathe a sound.

Within a little inch of perdition, the beauteous rover turned to smile!

Lysippe bared her breast!—

This was the oratory of nature: it recalled the heedless truant!

Again—A lion had escaped from the ducal menagerie at Florence, and proudly paced the streets, to the terror of all the inhabitants. He chanced to seize upon an infant: the agonised mother, beholding her treasure in the lion's mouth, rushed impetuously into the presence of the royal beast; and, by the impassioned eloquence of mute anguish, won the noble lion to restore his prey unhurt.

Dumb eloquence is intelligible throughout the brute creation. View the horse, says Virgil—

"——— With conscious pleasure stand
Beneath the flatteries of his master's hand;
And his clasp'd neck's redoubling echo love."

Shakespeare, in his description of the wounded stag, standing over the stream, expresses himself thus—

"——— the big round drops
Coursed one another down his innocent nose,
In piteous chase."

To proceed.—

"*That a general inability to read, or speak, with propriety and grace in public, runs through the natives of the British dominions, is acknowledged: it shews itself in our senate and in our churches; on the bench, and at the bar."

We find this assertion confirmed by Mr. Locke, who grievously complains of our neglecting our mother tongue; nor can, we believe, the evil be remedied, otherwise than by its

* Vide Dr. Sheridan.

becoming a distinct branch of education; and such it undoubtedly ought to be.

"They ordered this matter better" in Greece* and in Rome. "†But the nobility and persons in high station model their behaviour by that of the minister; and, till within a very short space, there has not been an instance of any minister, during the last fifty years, who gave the smallest encouragement to any art or science in this country, to any work of genius‡ or literature; or who countenanced any scheme calculated to improve the minds, or better the hearts, of British subjects."

What a flattering compliment to a British court—for the *FASHION of the minister, is THAT of the sovereign*—is contained within this short philippic! Thank heaven, however, this was written half a century ago. The *present flourishing* state of the fine arts in Great Britain we have warmly eulogised in the commencement of our review, and we have given a sort of "THEOPHANY" to their illustrious patrons!

For a true picture of our senatorial orators, we refer to "PARLIAMENTARY PORTRAITS," exquisitely finished in a work so intitled, and criticised in our numbers for April and the present month. With senators we may engraft barristers; for the law has made rapid strides into the *penetralia* of Saint Stephen's chapel. For pulpit orators, we look up with respectful admiration to Mr. Kirwan—another branch of the parent tree—and glance a tearful eye to the memory of Dr. Dodd. We have some few impressive divines, and a great many *fashionable* preachers; but our eloquent ministers of grace are gone to "that bourne from which no traveller re-

* We will evidence the advantages resulting from an universal study of a mother tongue, by referring to a modern classic traveller, deservedly esteemed, who thus celebrates the schools of ancient Greece.

"Warm'd into life, and cherish'd by the breath
Of popular applause, amidst these schools
The arts put forth their tender shoots, and bloom'd
With more than mortal beauty. Sculpture's hand
Rounded the marble to a living form;
Painting suspended her heroic tales
In the vast temple for her country's eye;
The muse of history from fable's rust
Cleans'd time's dark tablets, and aloud proclaim'd,
The wond'rous legends to impatient crowds;
Whilst poesy and song uniting pour'd
The tide of rapture on the yielding soul.
Blest country! where each lab'ring hind confess'd
The charm of fancy; and, unskill'd himself
In art, admir'd the artist's magic pow'rs."

Dr. Haygarth.

† Vide Dr. Sheridan.

‡ Vide the *Ghost of Chatterton*!

turns"—at least, we suppose so, for neither their faith nor good works is visible among us.

Before we finally release this topic, however, we must indulge in an extract from Anacharsis, which has forcibly arrested our every feeling. God send it may be salutary to those to whom we would address it.

"Les matériaux nécessaires aux orateurs chargés de défendre les droits d'un peuple, de l'éclairer sur ses véritable intérêts, de diriger les administrations, &c. sont immenses, et de la plus grande variété.

"La profession à laquelle ils se dévouent exige des lumières profondes et des talents sublimes; car c'est peu de connoître l'histoire, les lois et les forces de la nation, ainsi que des puissances voisines ou éloignées; c'est peu de suivre de l'œil ces efforts rapides en lentes que les états font sans cesse, les uns contre les autres, ces mouvements presque imperceptibles qui détruisent intérieurement; de prévenir la jalousie des nations foibles et alliées; de déconcerter les mesures des nations puissantes et ennemis; de démeler, enfin, la vraie intérêt de la patrie, à travers une foule de combinaisons et de rapports, il faut encore faire valoir en public les grandes vérités dont on s'est pénétré dans le particulier; n'être ému ni des menaces, ni des applaudissements du peuple, affronter la haine des richesses, en les soumettant à des fortes impositions; celle de la multitude, en l'arrachant de ces plaisirs ou à son repos; et celle des autres orateurs, en dévoilant leurs intrigues; répondre des événements qu'on n'a pu empêcher, et de ceux qu'on n'a pu prévoir; payer de SA DISGRACE les projets qui n'ont pas réussi, et quelques fois ceux que le succès a justifiés; paroître plein de confiance l'orsqu'un danger imminent répand le terreur de tous cotés, et par des lumières subites relever les espérances abbatues; courir chez les peuples voisins former des ligues puissantes; allumer avec l'enthousiasme de la liberté la soif ardente des combats; et après avoir rempli les devoirs d'homme d'état, d'orateur, et d'ambassadeur, aller sur le champ de bataille pour y sceller de son sang les avis qu'on donne au peuple du haut de la tribune: tel est le partage de ceux qui sont à la tête du gouvernement; et, les loix qui ont prévu l'empire que des hommes si utiles et si dangereux prendroit sur les esprits, ont voulu qu'on ne fit usage de leurs talents qu'après s'être assuré de leur conduite."

It is scarcely possible for the human mind to imagine a more dignified picture of a senator, than that which we have just selected, from the chaste and vigorous pencil of Barthelemy. It is the personification of all that is great and good; but, alas!

the splendid original graced the galleries of antiquity ; and modern refinements are too sensitive to rake up the ashes of the dead. We would willingly, however, offer it to the contemplation of the exalted many, who fully understand the PRIVILEGES, to be *independent* of the DUTIES of parliament, and assume senatorial costume with the self-conceit of a young ensign, who struts in his dazzling regimentals, and CALLS himself a soldier !

On rhetoric we shall be brief. This branch of elocution has been styled, by moderns, the art of varnishing weak arguments with the polish of plausibility ; or, in other words, the trick of pleasing the ear at the expense of the understanding. Nothing, however, can be more irrational than such a supposition. Rhetoric is the art of embellishing oratory with the graces of persuasion. Both, however, are founded in good sense.*—Fools can persuade none but fools : the man of sense must be convinced before he can be persuaded. Conviction appeals to the understanding ; and persuasion is the art of engaging the affections to act in concert with the mind. It is a conciliating and interesting art ; it dignifies the possessor.

It may be urged by the fastidious critic, that all arts are dangerous when alike applicable to good and evil purposes. Certainly ; but the specious tale that leads to any vicious incitement, is not the artificial construction of rhetoric : it is a sparkling trinket—a French toy—fabricated by the subtleties of *sophistry*.

Lysias,† the Athenian, was a monument of rhetoric. Dionysius, of Halicarnassus, thus describes his oratorical graces. “ Περὶ οὗτος γὰρ ἡ Δανία λέξις εἶναι το χαριεν ἢ δ Ἰσοκράτης βελεται.” Isocrates was another splendid rhetorician : his school at Athens was crowded with distinguished pupils. He was esteemed by Philip of Macedon ; and his correspondence with that prince was admired for sweetness and graceful simplicity of style, as well as for harmony of expression and dignity of language. These superior endowments gave Isocrates an ascendancy over the mind of Philip, that visibly repressed the darings of his immeasurable ambition, and procured some peaceful years to the Athenians. Part of his orations§ are extant, and are most

* “ Est eloquentiæ, sicut reliquiarum rerum, fundamentum, sapientia ; ut enim in vita, sic in oratione, nihil est difficilius quem quod deceat videre, hujus ignoratione sapissime pecatur.”—*Cic. or. ad Brut.*

† According to Plutarch, this celebrated man composed four hundred and twenty-five orations. Of these, thirty-four are extant. 8vo. Cantab. 1740. 8vo. Paris, 1783.

§ Battie, 2 vol. 8vo. Cantab. 1729. Auger 3 v. 8vo. Paris, 1782.

honourable to his memory, as a moralist, and as a man! The high reputation acquired by Isocrates, is believed to have been the stimulus that prompted Aristotle to write his *Institutions of Rhetoric*, which differ materially from those of preceding rhetoricians.

All who are conversant with Dr. Blair's *Lectures on Rhetoric* will admit our position; and such as are not, will equally interest and improve their minds by studying his elegant treatise.

David Hume, in his *Essay on Eloquence*, has great claims on public admiration: he teaches us all the delicate gradations of that splendid art, from the "flowing and smooth, to the swelling and full:" and when he attempts to describe the supremacy of Demosthenes in the school of eloquence, he represents the orations of the "*pupil of Plato*" to be, of all human productions, those which approach nearest to perfection.

At all events history furnishes us with this fact; that, after the days of Demosthenes, Greece lost her liberty; eloquence languished, and sophistry began its reign. The glory of Rome did not commence until oratory had been cultivated; and, with the decay of that art, the splendours of Rome vanished. Eloquence, consequently, is a high talent, and of intrinsic importance to society.

We have shewn, as far as *limited* observations can illustrate the grandeur of our subject, that oratory requires sound judgment, natural genius, and the aids of art—that rhetoric is the language of persuasion, emanating from the understanding, but enlarged by a close intimacy with all the passions incidental to human nature: it discloses strong sensibility in the mind of the speaker: it is warmed by a glowing imagination: it is enriched with a powerful flow of language: it is correct in pronunciation, just in emphasis, and graceful in delivery.

We have described the first age of the arts and sciences to have closed with the republic of Greece. The same political conclusions attach, and still more powerfully, to oratory.

Longinus, on the *Sublime*, contends that eloquence can only ornament the land of freedom: hence the little sublimity of genius which graced the age he lived in.

"Liberty," he adds, "is the nurse of true genius: it animates the spirit, and invigorates the hopes of men: it excites honourable emulation, and a desire of excelling in every art. All other qualifications may be found among those deprived of liberty; but never did a slave become an orator; he can only be a pompous flatterer."

Dr. Blair likewise tells us, that "under arbitrary govern-

ments, besides the general turn of softness and effeminacy which such governments may be justly supposed to give to the spirit of a nation, the art of speaking cannot be such an instrument of ambition, business, and power, as in a democratic state. It is confined within a narrower range; it can be employed only in the pulpit, or at the bar: it is excluded from those great scenes of public business, where the spirits of men have the freest exertion; where important affairs are *transacted*, and persuasion, of course, is more seriously studied. Wherever man can acquire most power over man, by means of reason and discourse—which certainly is under a free state of government—there we may naturally expect, that true eloquence will be best understood, and carried to the greatest height.”

We fear we may have been too long absent from M. Fontanelle: if so, this is our only apology. The ardours of every cultivated mind glow with intellectual fire, when 'rapt by contemplation into the regions of enthusiasm.

With this feeling, and considering that all persons must conceive clearly, if they would be clearly understood; and that they must feel ardently, if they would communicate ardour, we have been induced to labour at *something* like an exordium.

All efforts to excite public attention are emblazoned with a prologue. The juvenile mind is caressed into a love of virtuous and moral principles, through the *insinuations* of a fable. The poet, the historian, the dramatist, the statesman, and the divine, court popularity by a *pompous* or an *adulatory* address to the reader. It is the “*veluti in speculum*,” and the best assurance a critic can hold forth, will arise from a general impression that he understands his subject.

When the liberties of Greece were in danger of being overwhelmed by the encreasing power and crafty politics of Philip the Macedonian, Demosthenes made several memorable orations—denominated philippics—to rouse the Athenian energies. We extract his *exordium* to the first,* as translated by Leland.

“Had we been convened, Athenians! on some new subject of debate, I had waited till most of your usual counsellors had declared their opinions. If I had approved what was proposed by them, I should have continued silent; if not, I should then have attempted to speak my sentiments. But since those very points on which these speakers have oftentimes been heard, are at this time to be considered—although I have risen first, I presume I may expect your pardon: for, if they, on former oc-

* This splendid oration possesses all the exquisite touches of nature, “To rouse—to melt—to threaten—to persuade!”

casions, had advised the proper measures, you would not have found it needful to consult at present."

This exordium is powerfully addressed to the understanding. It is artless, yet nervous; and the auditory were an enlightened people, well versed in their native language. Cicero prefaced his orations with a skill that not only prepossessed his hearers, but gained their affections. He never attempted to move, until assured he had convinced; and, in moving, particularly the softer passions, he was eminently successful.

Rousseau, in an introduction to his treatise on a new doctrine he favoured, presents the exordium to us in another, but equally impressive character. The smiling beauties of spring, enamelling a rich champagne country, was the witching scene—the "MAJESTY OF GOD," the glorious theme!

"On étoit en été—nous nous levâmes à la pointe du jour. Il me menâ hors de la ville, sur une haute colline, au dessous de laquelle passoit le Po, dont en voyoit le cours à travers les fertiles rives qu'il baigne. Dans l'éloignement, l'immense chaîne des Alpes courronnoit le passage. Les rayons du soleil levant rasoient déjà les plaines; et, projetant sur les champs, par longues ombres, les arbres, les coteaux, les maisons, enrichissoient de mille accidents de lumière le plus beau tableau dont l'œil humain puisse être frappé. On eut dit, que là nature étaloit à nos yeux, sa magnificence, pour en offrir le texte à nos entretiens. Ce fut là qu'après avoir quelque temps contemplé ces objets en silence, l'homme de paix me parla ainsi."

What an address to reason—what an appeal to the heart!

Now to the spirit of our course of lectures—M. Fontanelle invites attention, and pursues instruction, in a clear and distinct progress, luminous throughout, in which he collates the best ancient and modern authorities, and discovers a superiority perfectly conversant with the noblest exercises of the human mind. His orthography, however, is not exactly modern.

He begins with human intellect, and professes to justify the elaborate treatise of Mr. Locke on the understanding.

"Nous ne sommes avertis de nos besoins que par nos sensations. La première source de nos idées, est donc dans nos sens. Leur génération, leur multiplication, leur enchainement, s'y trouvent également. De la première en émane une seconde; de celle-ci une troisième; et, ainsi, de suite. Elles naissent les unes les autres sans que nous en apercevions. En se multipliant, elles s'étendent nos connoissances. Leur marche est la même dans les premiers, comme dans les derniers âges de la vie.

"Vous montrez un ou plusieurs bonbons à un enfant, il n'est

frappé d'abord que de leur forme et de leur couleur. Vous les lui donnez : il les porte à sa bouche : leur douceur lui fait éprouver une nouvelle sensation, qui se repète chaque fois que vous lui en présentez, et qui est accompagnée naturellement du désir d'en goûter encore. Le plaisir qu'il à ressenti grave dans sa mémoire la denomination de bonbon que vous avez donnée à ce qui le lui à procuré. Il l'appliquera à toutes les sucreries de quelque espèce quelles soient. Bientôt il apprendra à les distinguer par les différentes sensations qui lui feront éprouver la noisette, l'amande, l'anis, &c. dont elles sont composées. Il connoîtra la praline et les autres sort de dragées, les désignera chacun par le nom qui lui est propre, et ne les confondra pas. Ces petites idées, concentrées dans un cercle très étroit, s'étendront insensiblement, jusqu'à sa circonference. Il jugera aussi bien que vous des différences que présente à ses yeux, à sa main, à son goût, les objets qui ont si vivement affecté ce dernier. Ces jugemens le mettront à portée d'en faire d'autres, en les appliquant à plusieurs choses placées hors du cercle de ses premiers idées, d'ont la quantité augmentera sans cesse avec une progression lente, mais sure, sans qu'il s'aperçoive même de la manière dont il aura acquis ses nouvelles connoissances. Il raisonnera en ignorant ce que c'est que raisonner. Il aura de l'attention, de la reflexion, sans avoir, encore, l'intelligence de ce que sont ces facultés."

From this germ our native perceptions unfold and gradually attain full vigour. Adventitious sensations blossom into inherent ideas, and the mind becomes virtuous or vicious from habitual reflection. The progressive operation of the mental faculties may be thus classed—perception, attention, comparison, judgment, memory, reflection, imagination, and reason; all of which are tributary to the senses—inasmuch, as no one sense can give a *notion* of ideas. Our senses give us the ideas themselves. All our pleasures and our pains—our emotions and our passions—our debasement, or our exaltation—derive their mental influence from the representation of the senses.

Mr. Duncan, of Edinburgh, published a very abstruse essay, last summer, "*ON GENIUS*." It is a work every way creditable to his talents, for it displays vast depth of reflection, an accurate knowledge of human nature, and extensive reading.

In treating of genius, or the various degrees of human ability, it is his opinion, that we ought in the first place to endeavour to ascertain, whether there exist any *original* difference between the intellect of one man and that of another, arising from the peculiar nature of the mind; or, whether all difference of mental talent does not proceed from the influence of external circumstances, including among these the *effect of constitution*.

The latter doubt appears to be the object of his research, for

he adds, the difference of intellectual ability is not, probably, greater than that of stature.

Yet, "this difference is important; and, if the influence of external circumstances be added, is sufficient to account for the most extraordinary instances of genius which have appeared in the world. The most splendid talents, therefore, are perhaps nothing more than those lucky habits which correspond with excellence."

This philosophy would lead to a most perplexing enquiry; we will, therefore, reduce it to this admission—that the mind comes into the world naked—as Mr. Locke and M. Fontanelle contend—and, that being thus radically destitute of ideas, all ability must depend upon knowledge. Every accomplishment, thence, becomes an attainment; every talent an acquirement. We do not, however, admit, that ability arises from the original frame of the body, but from the original aptitude of the mind to be impressed with external objects; and from a natural capacity to improve from study. We are all the creatures of education. Mr. Duncan and M. Lavater are equally speculative in their respective theories.

In his lectures on oratory, M. Fontanelle draws classical comparisons on the several and distinct talents of the ancients. In so doing, he discovers an attachment to republican governments, which he calls the legitimate soil of genius—"l'aurore de la liberté fut celle de l'éloquence." Gibbon remarks—the first race of Roman consuls were ambitious of triumphs; the second contented themselves with forming fine gardens; the third dwindled into builders of convents. Blair adds—

"The reign of eloquence among the Romans was very short. After the age of Cicero it languished, or rather expired; and we have no reason to wonder at this being the case. For not only was liberty entirely extinguished, but arbitrary power felt in its heaviest and most oppressive weight. Providence in its wrath delivered over the Roman empire to a succession of some of the most execrable tyrants that ever disgraced and scourged the human race. Under their government, it was naturally to be expected, that taste would be corrupted, and genius discouraged. Luxury, effeminacy, and flattery, overwhelmed all."

The Roman forum, thence, became a desert. In the schools of the declaimers, a corruption of eloquence was substituted for the dignity of oratory. The fate of Greece, when deprived of liberty, was eventually similar. Imaginary and fantastic ornaments succeeded to the classic dignity of rhetoric. A sect of philosophers, called Sophists, opened public schools, and en-

tertained numerous disciples: they were much patronised, for they were *Parasites to the Great*, and consequently amassed vast wealth.

“ Les sophistes raffinèrent encore. Au lieu de ces périodes nombreuses et nourries des choses et d'expressions, ils ne cherchèrent que de la légèreté et des graces; et, une pointe, une métaphore, une subtilité puérile, quoique souvent ingénieuse, devinrent les ornements à la mode.”

This was the oratory, and indeed the profession, of my Lord Chesterfield; and it would be that of a nobleman of diplomatic *notoriety*—provided his right honourable talents were equal to the accomplishment. Unmeaning volubility, however *graced* by presumption, cannot be the oratory of any school, past, present, or to come. Wieland has drawn a very exquisite portrait of a “*SOPHIST*” in his *Peregrinus Proteus*.

The following animated comparison, by Lope da Vega the Spanish dramatist, on the ancients and moderns, will serve for our day, just as well as that in which it was written. We give it from a French translator.

“ Les Vandales, les Goths, dans leurs écrits bizarres,
Dédaignèrent le goût des Grecs et des Romains.
Nos Aïeux ont marché dans ces nouveaux chemins:
Nos Aïeux étoient des barbares.
L'abus regnent, l'art tombe, et la raison s'enfuit.
Qui veut écrire avec décence,
Avec soin, avec gout, n'en retire aucun fruit;
Il vit dans le mépris, et meurt dans l'indigence.
Je me suis obligé de servir l'ignorance—
D'enfermer sous quatre verroux
Sophocle, Euripide, et Terence.
J'écris en insensé—mais, j'écris pour des foux.”

We must quit this admirable lecture, and proceed to poetry, which is defined in all its varieties. M. Fontanelle passed some time in England, and, it may be presumed, acquired a knowledge of our language. It happens, however, that foreigners do not fully comprehend the genius of our best writers.

Our lecturer has devoted one division to the English theatre, in which he claims a literary acquaintance with many of our celebrated poets.* We do not, on this subject, accord with his

* On Cato's soliloquy—“ que Voltaire à traduits, et qui n'ont rien perdu en passant pas ces soins de la langue Anglaise dans le notre.”—M. Fontanelle

opinions. We will not, however, open a controversy, but submit his criticisms, with a mere note on Shakespeare and Milton, to our reader.

"Shakespeare, qui fleurit sous Elisabeth, ouvrit cette carrière, nouvelle alors, la parcourut tout entière, et tient encore le premier rang parmi les auteurs dramatiques de sa nation. Son génie fier, impatient des règles, les secoua toutes, et ne se laissa jamais diriger par le goût. Ce fut ce génie qui lui dicta ce beau monologue d'Hamlet, si connu par la traduction que Voltaire en fit le premier en beau vers, au moins égaux si non supérieurs à l'original—

"Demeure : il faut choisir de l'être et du néant.
Ou souffrir, ou mourir, c'est là ce qui m'attend.
Ciel, qui voyez mon trouble, déclarez mon courage!
Faut-il vieillir courbé sous la main qui m'outrage,
Supporter, ou finir, mon malheur et mon sort?
Qui suis-je? qui m'arête? et qu'est ce que le mort?
C'est le fin de nos maux; c'est mon unique azile:
Après de longs transports, c'est un sommeil tranquille.
On s'endort, et tout meurt. Mais un affreux réveil,
Doit succéder peut-être aux douceurs du sommeil.
On nous menace : on dit que cette courte vie
De tourments éternels est aussitôt suivie.
O mort! moment fatal! l'affreuse éternité!
Tout cœur à ton seul nom se glace épouvanté
Et qui pourroit sans toi supporter cette vie?
De nos preteurs menteurs bénir l'hypocrisie?
D'une indigne maîtresse encenser les erreurs?
Ramper sous un ministre, adorer ses hauteurs?
Et montrer les langueurs de son âme abbatue
À des amis ingrats qui détournent la vue?
La mort seroit trop douce en ces extrémités.
Mais le scrupule parle, et nous crie : arrêtez.
Il défend à nos mains cet heureux homicide,
Et d'un héros guerrier fait un chrétien timide.

"Cette pièce, ainsi que toutes celles du poète Anglais, est remplie de morceaux aussi fiers, aussi vigoureux, aussi pensés, aussi sentis ;

evidently displays a national partiality unworthy of a critic. We will contrast the two first lines :

"Oui, Platon, tu dis vrai : notre âme est immortelle."

"It must be so!—Plato, thou reasonest well!"

Voltaire simply acknowledges the *cause* in Plato's philosophy; whereas, Addison embraces the *effect*. Cato is *convinced* as to the immortality of the soul, and calmly becomes a suicide. We cannot trace a parallel grandeur or sublimity in the two lines. Addison—our elegant and moral poet—has the decided preference.

mais ce ne sont que des détails. S'il est souvent sublime, il s'abaisse bientôt autant qu'il s'est élevé. Des fossoyeurs viennent creuser sur le théâtre le tombeau de l'amante d'Hamlet, de la belle Ophélie, et égaient leur travail par des chansons et des quolibets dignes deux. *'Qui, du maçon ou du charpentier'*—demande l'un, *'batit avec plus de solidité?'*—*'C'est celui qui fait un gibet'*—repondre l'autre; *'car, il dure plus que mille corps qu'on y attache.'* Hamlet, qui ne sait pas à qui cette sépulture es destinée arrive et moralise ainsi sur un crâne qu'il ramasse: *'C'est peut-être celui de milor un tel qui vantoit le cheval de Monseigneur un tel lorsqu'il vouloit le lui emprunter; à présent appartient à M. le Ver.'** Il se fait ici des révolutions bien étranges. Je ne m'arrêterai pas d'avantage sur Shakespeare, dont nous avons une traduction complète, qui peut nous faciliter les moyens de le connoître."

The honest indignation of every liberal mind revolts at unfair and uncandid criticism. We lament that M. Fontanelle should so have sullied his fair reputation as a man of letters: genius ought to be considered a citizen of the world, and revered in all countries. It is, therefore, base-minded in a public lecturer, who assumes the office of engrafting the progress and results of literature on the minds of his pupils, to introduce the name of a "SHAKESPEARE" thus irreverently.

With the whole of our poet's splendid works before him, M.

* The following are M. Fontanelle's subsequent observations on criticism. How could he act so derogatory from his avowed principles?

"Ils ne s'arrêtèrent pas uniquement à l'expression, au style, aux genres: ils s'attachèrent également aux convenances particulières à chaque sujet. Cela les conduisit à des observations sur la nature en général, sur les caractères des hommes, sur les différences qui mettent entre eux le rang, la naissance, l'éducation, les lumières, la raison, les passions."

Now, these are precisely the events which give the blaze of truth to this scene in Hamlet. Two ignorant men are represented in the act of preparing a grave. They are poor, but merry souls. Habit, to which M. Fontanelle ascribes the dawn of reflection on infant perception, has so familiarised objects to them, which to others would be awful, that they, without any sentiment of feeling, pass their jokes as freely as if they were regaling at an alehouse.

One description of habit gives our passions the mastery over our reason: another takes from us the finer emotions of sympathy and of sensibility. We perceive the latter in the exercise of various professions; and, it is fitting to the order of nature that it should be so. Thus, habit in a purified degree, leads the sententious prince of Denmark to philosophic reflections on the perishable qualities of man.

M. Fontanelle is either less the pupil of nature than the pupil of art, or study has been a partial refiner of his mind. We corroborate our opinions by those of Cicero in his admonitions, "*Orator ad Brutum.*"

"Non enim omnis fortuna, non omnis auctoritas, non omnis ætas, non vero locus, aut tempus, aut auditor omnis, eodem aut verborum genere tractandus est, aut sententiarum. Semperque in omni parte orationis, ut vite, quid deceat considerandum; quod et in re de qua agitur positum est, et in personis, eorum qui dicant, et eorum qui audiunt."

Fontanelle selects an individual scene, which it is clear he does not understand; and, having garbled and *misrepresented* the spirit of the poet, he contemptuously takes an abrupt leave.

When we speak of the "*spirit of our poet*,"* we desire to remark, that it is *untranslatable*. The English man of letters even has not been permitted to consider himself competent to the development of Shakespeare. One literary knight errant has thrown down the gauntlet of criticism, and another has taken it up. With chivalrous emulation, they have severally entered the lists—but we were undecided as to the issue of the combat, until the "*Knight of the Mirror*,†" has been so *obliging* as to *teach* us how to read our favourite author.

With all our respect, therefore, for the diffusive talents of Voltaire, we neither acknowledge the *spirit* of his translation, nor the *justice* of his sentence on English genius.

"Le génie Anglais, dit Voltaire, ressemble à un arbre touffu planté par la nature, jettant au hazard mille rameaux, et croissant également avec force. Il meurt si vous voulez forcer sa nature, et les tailler en arbre des jardins de Marly."

M. Fontanelle accuses the English taste of taking delight in bloodshed. He instances a play, in which, out of *nine* principal characters, *seven* are doomed to die. The French *morals*—he adds—would never submit to such a display of butchery; and Voltaire, speaking of the play of Hamlet, observed—"They all die except the candle snuffers."

We shall express ourselves more liberally on M. Voltaire's talents. Had he confined them to the single composition of the following lines, they would have immortalized his memory—he was, however, supremely voluminous.

"Celui qui met un frein à la fureur des flots
Sait aussi des méchants arrêter les complots.
Soumis avec respect à sa volonté sainte
Je crain Dieu, cher Abner, et n'ai point d'autre crainte."

These lines harmonise the sublime and beautiful. The first couplet is robed in majesty; the second is emblematic of simplicity.

Milton is introduced with as little ceremony to this lecture as Shakespeare.

* Mr. Kemble, notwithstanding his "*ait-ches*," (which is correct, but pedantic) knows more of the genius of Shakespeare, than the whole of that great poet's petulant commentators—always, excepting Mr. Kean, "*the critic of nature and of congenial taste*."

† Mr. KEAN.

"Milton, qui avait été secretaire de Cromwell, l'un des plus ardents apologistes de la revolution Anglaïses, et de la mort de Charles, fut écarté de tout emploi, déclaré incapable, ou plutôt indigne, d'en remplir jamais aucun, quand le fils de ce dernier eut été rappelé au trône de ses peres. Il ne fut poëte que dans sa retraite forcée. Devenu vieux, aveugle, entouré des tenebres les plus profondes, il imagina de chanter, pour charmer ses ennuis, la chute des anges et des hommes. Il s'elanca hors de la nature qu'il ne pouvoit plus voir; et lors qu'il voulut y rentrer avec Adam et Eve, et la peindre dans le Parradis terrestre, il ne peut prendre ses modèles que dans ses souvenirs et son imagination, qui le servirent si bien, qu'il la rendit avec toute sa beauté et toute sa verité. Il vécut pauvre, en proie aux plus pésantes besoins, ignoré, et ne prévoyant pas l'admiration qu'il inspireroit un jour à ses compatriotes qui la négligoient. Il ne pouvoit soupçonner, que la poëme du paradis perdu qu'il n'avoit pu vendre que trente* pistoles, dont il en tira réellement que quinze, feroit la fortune du libraire qui l'avoit acheté."

In a note at this passage, M. Fontanelle observes, "I have not lectured on Milton's Paradise Regained, because its merits are so very inferior to those of his Paradise Lost."

Much has been said, and we believe deservedly, of the protection liberally afforded to the arts and sciences, under the sanguinary auspices of Bonaparte. By conquest he enriched the Louvre with the spoils of sacrilegious despotism, wrested from the half of desolated Europe, whom he drained of its dearest treasures; dragging, from the sacred altars, all those precious appendages with which the piety and wealth of centuries had studiously adorned them.

As all national monuments of taste and literature were gratuitously open to the public in Paris, the English traveller has lately had an opportunity of indulging his admiration at that grand emporium of associated wonders. Many have written on the subject; and many, in strains highly adulatory, on the extensive improvements made by an extraordinary Being throughout the metropolitan city.

From these various details our curiosity has been best gratified by the perusal of the Rev. Mr. Eustace's Tour to Paris in June 1814. We extract his observations on the two celebrated collections, of statues and of pictures, which render

* We believe it true, that Milton sold the copy-right of his "*Paradise Lost*" to a bookseller in Westminster, who paid him *fifteen guineas*, and promised fifteen more. But this is only one, out of a variety of similar instances, so honourable to the British protection of genius.

Paris the seat of the arts, and give it superiority over the antiquities of Greece, or the former splendours of Rome.

"The collections occupy part of the ground floor of the old *Louvre*, and the whole of the new *Louvre*, or the gallery of communication between the *Thuilleries* and the former palace. The lower halls are consecrated to the statues, and are seven in number, including the vestibule; some are paved with marble, and the ceilings of all are painted; their magnitude is not striking, with the exception of the hall, which was opened and furnished the latest, called the *Salle de Fleuves*.

"These halls contain more than three hundred statues, almost all ancient, most excellent in their kind: some are considered masterpieces of the art, and the greatest efforts of Grecian talent. Such an assemblage is, without doubt, striking; and must, we should naturally imagine, excite the greatest admiration and delight. Yet, unfortunately, there are circumstances, if I may judge from my own feelings, and the feelings of many foreign, and even some French spectators, which diminish both our pleasure and our astonishment at such an extraordinary exhibition. In the first place, the halls are not embellished in such a style of magnificence as becomes the combination of wonders which they contain: in the next place, they are too gloomy; and in the third, the arrangement is extremely defective.

"Sculpture and architecture are sister arts: they ought to be inseparable: the living forms of the former are made to grace and enliven the palaces and the temples of the latter. Besides, the emperors of Rome and the deities of Greece sat enthroned under columns, or stood enshrined in the midst of marble porticoes; a flood of light burst upon the domes over their head, and all the colours of marble gleamed from the pavement and played round the pedestals. Thus encircled with light, and glory, and beauty, they appeared in ancient Athens and in modern Rome, each, according to its dignity, in its niche of honour, or in its separate temple, high above the crowd, and distinguished as much by its site as by its excellence.

"How degraded are the captive gods and emperors, the imprisoned heroes and sages of the *Louvre*! The floors are flagged, the walls are plaistered, the ceilings arched, the windows rare: a few scanty beams just glare on the lifeless forms, as if to shew the paleness of the marble, and the confusion in which gods and animals, heroes and vases, historical beings and mythological fables, crowd around.

"The *Laocoon* and the *Apollo of Belvidere*, it is true, occupy the most distinguished place, each in his particular hall;

but the way to the latter is obstructed by a whole line of minor forms ; and in his haste to contemplate the matchless groupe of the former, the spectator stumbles upon the Venus of Mediceis !

“ It would be absurd to say, that France is deficient in artists, or that her artists are all deficient in taste ; but it may happen that in France, as well as in many other countries, the best artists are not always the most favoured ; and that it is much easier for sovereigns to give employment, than to endow those employed with judgment and abilities.

“ Statues like pictures, one would imagine, ought to be arranged so as to form the history of the art ; so as to lead the spectator from the first efforts of untutored nature, to the bold outline of the Egyptians—to the full, the breathing, perfections of the Greeks.

“ Vases might precede the forms of animals ; animals might lead to men, to heroes, to sages, and to gods. Altars and tripods might be placed before the divinities to which they are sacred ; and the few grand master-pieces might stand each in the centre of its own temple, and be allowed to engross the admiration of those who entered its sanctuary. If the classics furnish any reference or elucidation, it might be inscribed in marble tablets on the walls ; and Virgil and Homer might be employed in developing the design of the sculptor, or the sculptor become the commentator of Virgil and Homer.

“ From the halls of statues a most magnificent flight of stone steps, adorned by marble pillars, leads to the gallery of pictures. The spectator ascends with a pleasure that increases as he passes the noble saloon serving as an antichamber to the museum ; but when he stands at its entrance, and beholds a gallery of fourteen hundred feet extending in immeasurable perspective before him, he starts with surprise and admiration. The variety of tints that line the sides, the splendid glow of the gilding above, the blaze that breaks through the lateral windows, and the tempered lights that fall from the roof, mingle together in the perspective, and form a most singular and fascinating combination of light and shade—of splendour and obscurity.

“ The pictures are arranged according to the schools ; and the schools are divided by marble pillars. Of these divisions some are lighted from above, while others are exposed to the glare of cross lights from the lateral windows ; a defect which I believe is to be remedied. The French school comes first in place, and from it the spectator passes to the Dutch, the German, and the Italian schools. Little can be objected to this arrangement ; but the impartial critic may be disposed to com-

plain when he finds Claude Lorrain, a German by birth, and an Italian by education, ranked among French painters; when he sees the composition of modern artists, whose names are little known, and whose title to fame is not certainly yet established, placed on a line with the acknowledged masters of the art; and when he discovers the glare and contortion of David's figures starting on the very walls that display the calmness and the repose of Poussin's scenery. In truth, the former artist, to the national defects of glitter, bustle, and contortion, has super-added the absurdity of degrading Greek and Roman heroes into revolutionary assassins, and converting the sternness of Brutus and of Cato into the infernal grin of Marat and Robespierre.

"To complain of the number of pictures in a gallery would be unreasonable; yet we may be permitted to observe, that many splendid objects, when united, eclipse each other; and that master-pieces, placed in contact, must necessarily dazzle the eye and divide the attention. Paintings, therefore, which are confessedly the first specimens of the art, ought to be placed separate, each in its own apartment, under the influence of a light peculiarly its own, and with all its appropriate accompaniments."

Any compliment we might offer to Mr. Eustace would be superfluous. His classical observations elicit their own sterling merits; but we will *flatter* the IMPERIAL ROBBER; first, in the language of Ariosto, and then in that of Voltaire. These verses relate to the protection afforded by Augustus to Virgil.

"Non fu sì santo, nè sì benigno Augusto
Come la tuba di Virgilia suona.
L'avere avuto in poesia buon gusto,
La proscrizione iniqua gli perdona."

"Tyran de son pays et scelerat habile,
Il mit Perouse en cendre et Rome dans les fers.
Mais il avoit du goût; il se connût en vers:
Auguste au rang des dieux est placé par Virgile."

We must now draw towards a conclusion. M. Fontanelle has traced the labyrinths of poetry with a magic clue. He interests his readers at every winding passage, teaching the inexperienced to adventure in the glorious maze with acquired confidence. He explores the dramatic art of every school—and closes his essay on the *belles lettres*, generally, with erudite remarks on criticism. His definition of that art is concise, but full of intelligence.

"La critique est la recherche profonde et philosophique, des premiers éléments et des premiers lois du bon goût, recueillis des ouvrages les plus estimés."

We add—that true criticism is founded in a sacred regard to justice tempered by clemency. "To err is human"—but it is a noble exertion of humanity to lead the wanderer by the light of reason. He best succeeds who executes his arduous trust with liberality; and polishes his censure with becoming courtesy.—*Valete!* E.

ILLYRICUM DISPLAYED.

ART. IX.—*L'Illyrie et la Dalmatie; ou, Mœurs, Usages, et Costumes, de leurs Habitans, et de ceux des contrées Voisines. Traduit de l'Allemand, de M. le Docteur Hacquet. Par M. BRETON, Augmenté d'un Memoir sur la Croatie Militaire; orné de trente deux Planches, dont vingt quatre d'après les Gravures de l'Ouvrage Allemand, et huit d'après les Dessins Originaux inédits. 24mo. 2 tom. Pp. 155, 171. Chez Nepveu Libraire à Paris.—Imported, Deboffe, 1815.*

To those who love to glean information from the harvest of literature, this elegant little work will be most acceptable. In the fashionable world, study assumes an antideluvian aspect: it presents itself to the porter of a splendid mansion, with pretensions so little modern, that a surly "*not at home*" quickly dismisses the intruder. But as flippancy in conversation is the legitimate standard of a cultivated mind, our *elegans*, and our *elegantes*, may become *wonderfully wise* by perusing these sketches.

Among the French *Savans*, who have published voluminous travels in the countries before us, we have to applaud M. Castellan, M. Langles, M. Marcel, &c.: and, from among our own countrymen, we take pleasure to notice the works of Dr. Clarke and Sir Robert Kerr Porter. In this summary, which is translated from the German of M. le Docteur Hacquet, M. Breton has presented to the French reader a compendious view of the manners, customs, religions, laws, and dress, of a very interesting variety of people.

A sketch of human beings, unpolished by civilization, and steady in the pursuits of their ancestors, displays to the reflecting mind a true picture of human nature in its distinct allotments.

In one race of mankind we behold a characteristic intrepidity which descends from father to son: in another, the prevalence of a sanguinary mind indulged by ferocious habits: in another, patient humility kisses the rod of despotism, and smiles in the horrors of slavery: in another, frugality cherishes the means of generosity, and a frank open-hearted hospitality ennobles the possessors: in another, their national song proclaims the dormant genius of a people who, by education, would be elevated to the rank of poets: in another, families vegetate as indiscriminately together as herds of swine in their incommodious sty: in another, theft is a constitutional inheritance: in another, drunkenness and other excesses are disgraceful and reigning accomplishments.

These volumes detail *La Religion des Illyriens en général—Habitans de Geilthal, ou Silauzi—Habitans de la Carniole—Istriens—Japides—La Dolenzi—Les Wipaches, ou Vipauzes—Les Gostchéens, ou Hotzhévariens—Liburniens, ou Liburnzi—Morlaques—Croates, ou Horvati—Usukes, ou Skoko, ou Serbli—Croate Militaire—Likaniens, ou Likani, Croates des Montagnes—Les Dalmates—Bouches du Cattaro—Ile de Sabioncello—Reflexions générales sur la Dalmatie—Rasciens, ou Raitziens.*

The plates which embellish this work represent the various costumes of the people, and are of a superior style of engraving. To shew the spirit of the work, we will devote a few minutes to M. Breton's chapter "*Sur les Morlaques.*"

A plate represents a young female journeying with a very heavy load, self sustained, on her head. An infant is cradled in a sort of hammock slung across her shoulders; and, with this double load, she employs herself in spinning to beguile her way.

These people sometimes profess the Catholic faith, and sometimes the rites of the Greek church; but, under the dominion of their holy pastors, they are bigotted in the belief of sorcery and of ghosts to an incredible degree. The malignity of a neighbour will, it is supposed, deprive a cow of its milk; but the *mirabile dictu* is established in the following anecdote, related by M. Fortis, upon the *oath* of a Cordelier, to whom the event is stated to have happened.

The monk had retired for the night to the apartment of a young Morlaque, which they both occupied;—but the monk could not compose himself to sleep: at length, he distinctly saw two sorcerers in the room: they advanced to the youth's bed, opened his body, and took out his heart, which they began to roast for their supper. The youth, however, awoke, and discovered the loss of his heart: the space was void!

Upon this, the sorcerers vanished, leaving the smoking heart half dressed. The enchantment which had hitherto overpowered the monk ceased, and he leaped out of bed—seized the half roasted heart, which he directed the youth to eat as speedily as possible. He did so; and in a few minutes he was sensible of the usual pulsations in his bosom.

This story is divested of all its superhuman agency, when it is understood, that these sanctified impostors carry on a very profitable trade in amulets, called by them "*zapis*," whose mystic qualities are believed to be a protection against witchcraft. These *zapis* are inscribed with the name of some saint; and, like the seal of Johanna Southcot, are very generally coveted. Talismans are, moreover, venerated by the Turks, who import them in large quantities to the aggrandisement of the Morlaque priesthood.

What says the philosopher?

"To those who study nature, it will be self-evident, that the history of the present day, is alike the history of the day past, and that of the day to come!"

E.

MILITARY BIOGRAPHY.

ART. X.—*Histoire des Grands Capitaines de la France, depuis le Connétable Duguesclin jusqu'au Mareschal de Saxe.* 12mo. en Trente Numeros. Pp. 130, 140. Chez Chateauneuf, Paris.—Imported De Boffe. 1815.

HISTORIES of the illustrious warriors of France have already been presented to the world by Désormaux, D'Auvigny, Richer, and Turpin: the object of the present work is to correct the errors of preceding writers, by shewing, that the frailties of human nature do mingle with the most splendid talents; and, that it is the duty of biographers to be faithful representatives of the characters they pourtray.

"Les victoires les plus éclalantes ne couvrent pas la honte des vices d'un guerrier. On loue les actions, et on méprise la personne. C'est de tout temps qu'on à vu la reputation la plus brillante échouer contre les mœurs du héros et ses lauriers flétris par des faiblesses."

Nothing is more founded in truth than the preceding observation from Masillon. Valour, like philosophy, or religion, or other distinguished characteristic, is not an independent attribute. Titus Livius, Plutarch, and Rollin, celebrate Scipio more as the conqueror of himself, than as the conqueror of

Carthage; and History proclaims to us, that Charles XII. was not a great man—he was merely a great hero.

The same sentence will be passed by posterity on our own Nelson.

In short, such is the construction of humanity, that grandeur of action, or nobility of sentiment, can never flourish in the garden of nature without being surrounded with the weeds of frailty.

With this uninfluenced impression, the object of our review, professedly the result of many years labours devoted to its perfection, is thus prefaced.

“ Quoique le temps où nous vivons semble beaucoup plus porté à la censure qu'à l'éloge, nous déclarons qu'en dévoilant des défauts et des vices, nous n'avons pas le dessein de blâmer ce qui est consacré par le respect des siècles; mais nous avons consulté des sources et d'anciens manuscrits dans lesquels ceux qui nous ont précédés n'ont pas osé puiser: nous écrirons avec une sévérité nouvelle, et pourtant avec toute la justice qu'exige la fonction d'historien, qui doit laisser l'adulation ou le silence aux historiographes des souverains. Notre but sera moins encore d'allumer dans le cœur des Français l'amour de la guerre qui ne peut être justifiée que par la haine du joug étranger, le vœu de défendre la liberté de sa patrie, ou quand, comme Charles Martel, on arrête des torrents de barbares que leur population presse et emporte hors des limites de leurs déserts. L'auteur de l'histoire des grands Capitaines n'eût pas écrit celle d'un injuste conquérant; il ne craindra pas de présenter par-tout la guerre comme un fléau épouvantable, rassemblant sous lui toutes les calamités et tous les crimes; et, heureusement pour son sujet, les Bayard, les Brissac, les Crillon, les Condé, les Turenne, les Fabert, les Luxembourg, les Catinat, les Boufflers, les Vendôme, les Villars, les Chevert, les Saxe, les Berwick, et presque tous les grands capitaines qu'il va offrir pour modèles, ressemblent plus aux Thémistocle, aux Miltiade, aux Epaminondas et aux Aristide, qu'à ces conquérans vulgaires qui, en ravageant le monde, ont obtenu moins d'estime que de renommée.”

Julius Cæsar was the historiographer of his own campaigns, and it would be well if every General in chief was attended by a man of letters to record events as they happened. It is at the scene of action that the mind imbibes correct impressions; and a history so compiled would prove a national treasure.

Boileau said to Louis XIV—

Sans elles (les Muses) un héros n'est pas long-temps héros.
Bientôt, quoi qu'il ait fait, la mort, d'une ombre noire,
Enveloppe avec lui son nom et son histoire.

* * * * *

Non, à quelques hauts faits que ton destin t'appelle,
 Sans le secours soigneux d'une muse fidelle,
 Pour t'immortaliser tu fais de vains efforts.

And Jean Baptiste Rousseau exclaims, in his Ode to Prince Eugène—

Mais combien de grands noms, couverts d'ombres funèbres,
 Sans les écrits divins qui les rendent célèbres,
 Dans l'éternel oubli languiraient inconnus !
 Il n'est rien que le tems n'absorbe et ne dévore ;
 Et les faits qu'on ignore
 Sont bien peu différens des faits non avenus.

We cannot convey our approbation of the elegance of the language in which this history is written, so well as by annexing the copy of a letter from M. de Fontanes, president of the Corps Legislatif at Paris, to M. Chateaneuf.

"J'ai reçu, Monsieur, les nouveaux volumes de votre Histoire des Généraux Français. Votre style est rapide comme leurs victoires. Vous savez rassembler en peu de pages les grandes choses qu'ils ont faites en peu de jours. C'est aux héros dont vous êtes l'historien à vous apprécier dignement."

We must not omit that this work is addressed to his Imperial Majesty of Russia. But as "*Alexandre le Magnanime*" is worshipped in these words—

"Vous avez vaincu Buonaparte, aussi dangereux au rois qu'abhorri des Français qu'il osait nommer ses sujets ; vous avez rétabli sur le trône de ses ancêtres un prince, à qui la France doit un paix inespéré, non moins qu'à votre générosité naturelle."

We rather incline to think the dedication may undergo the "*mutato nomine, de te fabula narratur.*" M. Chateaneuf, however, has been a sufferer under the "CENSURE" of Napoleon le Grand. We shall make a few observations, in our next article, on the liberty of the French press under that despotic yoke.

E.

LIBERTY OF THE PRESS.

ART. XI.—*La Liberté de la Presse sous le Gouvernement du Général Buonaparté.* 8vo. Pp. 16. Chez les Marchands de Nouveautés, Paris.—Imported, De Boffe. 1815.

THIS pamphlet, one of a series, takes a view of the liberty of the press in France under the government of "*Le Général Buonaparté*;" comprehending the period between 1809 and 31st of March, 1814.

We are informed that "LA CENSURE" was exercised with timidity by M. Portalis. He began by expunging or changing words; but he grew bolder in office, and ventured to pass his pen through whole paragraphs of a work. M. Le General Pommereuil succeeded M. Portalis, and did honour to his appointment. He was not content with suppressing pages, or chapters, or volumes—his noble ambition grasped at the destruction of editions; and piles of learning were sacrificed to ALLUSION, as unceremoniously as piles of human beings to AMBITION!

In what were these splendid works obnoxious to the government?

"Et quels livres! il n'y avait pas un libelle. Une maxime religieuse ou philosophique prise dans Bossuet, dans Montesquieu, une réflexion sur les malheurs de la guerre, choisie dans Massillon, le mot de liberté, non pas cette liberté sauvage que nous avons vu armée de piques et de sanglants décrets, mais cette divinité des cœurs nobles, que le Anglais adorent chez eux, que tout Français peut invoquer sous le meilleur des Rois; voilà ce qui était redouté du tyran et rayé par les censeurs. Chaque mois, chaque jour apportait une preuve nouvelle de la crainte que l'indépendance de l'esprit cause à la force qui opprime, de la sottise des visirs de la pensée et de la dégradation des Français.

"*'L'injustice à la fin produit l'indépendance.'*—VOLTAIRE."

For instance—In 1811, the following beautiful passage from Masillon touched the tender conscience of the partizans of Buonaparte. The allusion was deemed epigrammatic: it was expunged: and yet a brave man might read it with enthusiasm,

"La gloire des conquêtes est toujours souillée de sang: c'est le carnage et la mort qui nous y conduisent, et il faut faire des malheureux pour se l'assurer. L'appareil qui l'environne est funeste et lugubre, et souvent le conquérant lui-même, s'il est humain, est forcé de verser des larmes sur ses propres victoires. Si les hommes se donnaient des maîtres, ce ne serait ni les plus nobles ni les plus vaillants qu'ils se choisiraient; ce serait les plus tendres, les plus humains; des maîtres qui fussent en même temps leurs pères. Le titre de conquérant n'est gravé que sur le marbre; le titre de père du peuple est gravé dans les cœurs."

In 1807 the modern Attila,* rushing like a hungry tiger on his prey, tore the following passage with his teeth, and condemned the whole work.

Attila, a celebrated Hun, boasted in the appellation of "*Scourge of God*." He wished to extend his conquests over the world; and it was his delight to drag captive kings in his train. It is memorable, that this lover of human blood was seized on his wedding night with a violent hemorrhage that was fatal to his life.

"Ceux qui veulent qu'on éloigne de nos yeux ces tableaux des calamités de la guerre, devaient savoir que c'est le récit des actions inhumaines qui en prévient le retour. Peut-être y a-t-il eu moins de mauvais rois et de destructeurs farouches, depuis que l'histoire punit ceux qui ont fait le malheur du genre humain, et quelle s'offre toujours menaçante aux tyrans que la flatterie voudrait rassurer contre la haine de leurs contemporains et le jugement de l'inexorable avenir."

For LIBELS like these, contained in half a dozen lines, whole editions of works that were honourable monuments of national talent perished. And this is the *creature* who has now granted a liberty of the press to the people of France, and abolished the slave trade!

The wolf *lowered his natural tones* to allure the little Red Riding Hood with expressions of hypocritical courtesy; but, once securely in the monster's power, what became of poor little Red Riding Hood?

E.

RUSSIANS AT PARIS.

ART. XII.—*L'Officier Russe à Paris, ou Aventures et Reflexions Critiques du Comte de ****. Chez Barba, Libraire, Palais-Royal. 2 tom. 12mo. Pp. 252, 289. Paris.—Imported, Deboffe. 1815.

THIS is an elegant and amusing *bagatelle*. It is, we understand, much admired in the *côteries* and *belle sociétés* of Paris. By a very allowable and innocent deception, the author has given a *romanesque* air to his story, which is any thing but complicated, an attractiveness, and, to use his own words, "un intérêt vif," perfectly sustained by the animated gracefulness and volubility of the language. The sentiments are untainted with that voluptuousness too frequently indulged in by foreign novelists; and the panoramic view which it displays of the manners, amusements, public buildings, statues, paintings, &c. of the gay metropolis of France, will be a sufficient indemnification to the hater of novels in general, for the time which our recommendation of "*L'Officier Russe*" may induce him to devote to its perusal.

The *action* of the work commences a few days after the entry of the Russians into Paris. The *Comte de ****, a Colonel of a Cossack regiment, is the hero. He is introduced to an hospitable and elegant family, where he meets with a young lady, with whose personal charms and cultivated understanding he becomes *gradatim*, deeply and fervently enchanted. His passion is returned with equal ardour and sincerity; but it is

necessary to obtain the approbation of his family, whose pride is excessive, and whose wish it is that the *Comte* should be united to some lady of a rank, at any rate, not beneath his own; and as *Amelie de P**** is inferior to the *Comte* in birth, it is only by the reliance he places in the affection entertained for him by his parents and relations, and his lively representations of the beauty and accomplishments of his lovely *inamorata*, that he places his hopes of the successful result of his entreaties. He writes to St. Peterburgh. In the interim the lovers see each other almost daily, and as their mutual acquaintance proceeds, their mutual passion becomes strengthened; till at length opportunity concurring with the violence of affection, the *Comte* becomes *Amelie's* husband in every particular but the nominal. This indiscretion is, however, committed but once, and is followed by indignation on the part of the lady, and repentance on that of the noble Cossack, whose love and respect continue unabated. Every difficulty is finally arranged, and a very pleasing and animated peroration conducts *Amelie* and the *Comte* to the shrine of Hymen.

If there is any thing in this sprightly novel that demands our critical censure, it will be found in the character of the *Comte*. Notwithstanding the favourable notions we entertain for the nation of which he is the representative, we cannot help thinking that he is rather too polished, too refined and *naïve* for a Cossack. Perhaps it is not altogether *en caractere* to show him off in the costume of a *savan*, attending lectures at the Institute, &c. and conversing on chemistry, painting, and other anti-Tartar subjects. Though we entertain considerable ideas of the comparative civilization of the inhabitants of the Don districts, we do not go quite the length of our amusing author, or suppose that a Cossack and a soldier can experience any decided taste for affairs that are removed so far from his ordinary pursuits. The utmost that we can do is to take him as the *beau ideal* of the Cossack character. The mother of *Amelie*, Madame de P***, is a model of maternal sagacity and tenderness. She detects an artifice, employed by the *Comte* to secure his residence in her house for the purpose of secret interviews with her daughter, with an open, dignified simplicity that irresistibly appeals to his frank and generous heart. The character of a French nobleman with whom De *** becomes acquainted, a gentleman of no fixed notions, but of much experience in the profligate circles of Parisian society, is admirably sketched; and the abundance of incident particularly striking, when the limited range of the subject is considered.

The author has cast his little work in the epistolary mould,

a form for which we have no extraordinary predilection. We are perfectly sensible that its advantages to the author are great, as it permits him to vary the disposition of his materials; and by sudden breaks, and unexpected information, to fill up the chasms of the preceding parts of the composition, without the burthen that would be imposed upon him by the call for an immediate supply of matter. Nor must we omit to mention the great recommendation the epistolary form carries with it, in the animation of personal narrative. The identity of the individual, whose history is related, is by this mean impressed on the mind of the reader with peculiar vigour; we sympathise with his every feeling. His heart appears opened to us, and the interest we feel in his adventures is maintained undisturbed and entire.

In representing to Parisians the character of one of their invaders, and to give him sentiments at once honourable to himself, and unhumiliating to them, was a task by no means facile. From this dilemma the author has extricated himself with singular grace and felicity.

"Nous voilà enfin à Paris, mon cher Romanof. A dire vrai, nous y entrons en pacificateurs plutôt qu'en vainqueurs; car, *sans les partis et les opinions qui divisent la France, notre succès définitif eût été fort douteux.* Quelle ville! que d'objets à voir, à décrire! que de plaisirs, d'observations et de critiques! Tu me persiffles, tu me blâmes d'avance, je le parie.—Quoi! un homme du Nord Cosaque frondeur! 'On n'écrit pas, diras-tu, la morale et la réforme avec un fer de lance sur des feuilles de roses ou des ailes de papillon.'—Soit; aussi ne suis-je ni moraliste, ni réformateur. Tu vois en moi l'active abeille ou l'étourdi frêlon, si tu veux, sollicitant le tribut de toutes les fleurs agréables ou utiles, et je t'envoie à Pétersbourg le miel que je recueille."

The following extract exhibits the *Comte* as *un homme galant*: rather too much so, perhaps, for a colonel of a Cossack regiment; but, as it introduces a finely-tinted picture of the French opera, we think our readers will not be displeased at having it presented to them.

"J'étais dans la loge de ma nouvelle connaissance, madame de Melcour, qui est décidément l'objet de mes vœux et de ma petite guerre. Rien de plus séduisant qu'une demiprude luttant avec effort contre un goût naissant; d'une beauté célèbre, s'abandonnant, sans s'en douter, au seul pouvoir de ses yeux et des agrémens personnels, ou plutôt à l'enchantement d'une conquête étrangère; car, telle fatuité que tu me supposes, je ne m'abuse

point sur le charme dominant, sur le talisman qui séduit les Françaises ; la nouveauté, mon cher, c'est le seul que je possède à leurs yeux.

“ On donnait la *Vestale*, que notre empereur avait demandée, ouvrage qu'il aime beaucoup et qu'il fait souvent jouer à St.-Petersbourg : poëme simple, sage et bien écrit, musique riche, variée, et d'une mélodie enchanteresse.

“ Tu sens que d'allusions, que d'allégories piquantes et propes à accélérer le traité de paix et d'amour ! En scène une vestale romaine cloîtrée ; ici près de moi une prêtresse parisienne en présence d'un mari jaloux ; l'une entretenant le feu sacré ; l'autre allumant dans mon cœur un feu brûlant, mais moins durable ; là, cette belle et chaste Julia agitant sa flamme et l'attisant par ses soupirs : et moi, sur les charbons ardents, tisonnant, pétillant, jetant à tort et à travers quelques étincelles d'esprit et d'amour, sans pouvoir enflammer la belle Lucrèce.

“ Mais, ô pouvoir de l'harmonie ! dans ce duo divin, ce duo si expressif : *Sur cet autel sacré viens recevoir ma foi*, je ne sais par quel hasard, par quel enchantement, ma main s'est trouvée près de celle de madame de Melcour. Je tenais son éventail ; et, dans l'obscurité d'une loge de rez-de-chaussée, échauffée par la situation, elle a voulu le retirer de ma main, et, par ce geste, elle a approché une des siennes de mon cœur, où la mienne s'était réfugiée à dessein. C'est alors que Julia a chanté : *Sur cet autel sacré, etc.*, et que j'ai répété à demi-voix ce motif délicieux, en pressant la mesure et l'éventail qu'on tenait sur mon cœur, avec une expression assez vive pour voir madame de Melcour rougir, baisser les yeux et prendre une palpitation très-significative.

“ Tu conçois quand une demi-intelligence s'établit, quels progrès on fait en pareille situation, quel effet produit un clair de lune ! car le clair de lune est l'aurore des amans heureux. Au clair de lune, toutes les femmes sont blanches, tous les scrupules atténués, tous les gestes dérobés et les soupirs entendus.

“ Aussi quelle magie n'a pas produit la chaste Diane, au troisième acte ! pendant que son disque argenté parcourait lentement les nuages azurés de la scène, ma main, par le même mouvement, soulevait adroitement un schall obligeant et d'un bleu céleste, aussi tendre que les yeux de ma vestale, pour retrouver la main charmante qui m'avait échappé.

“ Je l'ai ressaisie au moment où le grand prêtre, vrai symbole des maris jaloux qui enterrent leurs épouses toutes vivantes, donnait à Julia la lampe funèbre, pour descendre dans la tombe. C'est alors qu'un guerrier, suivi de l'armée des amours et des plaisirs, a bonne grâce à venir, comme Lucinius, arracher au sépulcre une aimable captive, et c'est alors aussi que je me suis montré ; c'est alors que l'analogie des situations produit une explosion sentimentale, et qu'une jolie femme sort baissant les yeux, admirant un poëme qui a servi d'interprète, un chant qui a voilé ses soupirs et un ballet qui nous a fait faire tant de pas en si peu de temps.”

Our British *elegantes* will peruse the description of a Parisian festival with no inconsiderable pleasure.

“Le Duc de *** vient de donner une fête brillante, magnifique à Passy : mais quel dénouement ! quel spectacle affreux ! Au reste, cette fête m'a prouvé la profonde sensibilité d'Amélie, son âme forte et naïve à la fois, et tout en elle a dû exalter de plus en plus ma tête effervescente.

“Cet événement est une preuve du peu de raison et de jugement qui préside en général aux fêtes de Paris. On décore le tableau à merveille, il faut en convenir ; le goût y préside, les fleurs y abondent ; le clinquant, les colifichets, les accessoires sont délicieux ; mais toujours le fond, comme en toutes choses, pèche essentiellement, et le local est le dernier objet dont on s'occupe. Si on eût employé les trente millions, dépensés, dit-on, ici, depuis vingt ans, en décorations de papier, pour les fêtes publiques ou particulières, Paris aurait pour les jours d'apparat et de solennité, le plus riche temple en marbre, un cirque plus beau que l'antiquité n'eût pu l'offrir à nos regards ; il aurait le pendant de la belle galerie de Potemkin ; mais le Français inconstant préfère en tout des simulacres variables aux réalités permanentes. Aussi à chaque fête, faut-il créer, édifier en toile, en carton, en toiles d'araignées que le vent emporte quand le feu ne les consume pas.

“Le Duc de *** , forcé de construire dans ses jardins, à Passy, une salle de bal, s'est vu dans la nécessité d'adopter les pratiques aériennes et incendiaires des architectes improvisés. Le goût y présidait ; l'intérieur était charmant. Des guirlandes multipliées, des gazes d'argent, des lustres innombrables, des draperies de mousseline, jetées avec grâce, formaient un coup d'œil ravissant : mais tout cela, par malheur, était enfermé dans une vaste tonnelle d'échalas et de toile goudronnée, toile dite imperméable, à la pluie il est vrai, mais non au feu, élément bien plus à craindre pour un jour de fête dans l'atmosphère d'un volcan de bougies.

“Quoi qu'il en soit, l'aspect de cette salle était enchanteur ; les jardins étaient illuminés avec un art parfait et tous les détails dessinés par l'élégance, si ce n'est par le bon sens.

“Amélie y est venue avec sa mère. Le Prince Polonais S*** avait eu soin de leur faire envoyer des billets. J'en avais conçu un secret sentiment de jalousie, quoique cet envoi fût naturel, puisque Amélie avait été présentée chez la princesse sa sœur ; mais je me rappelais la passion du prince pour Amélie, passion dont l'étourdie Zaire m'avait entretenu dans nos petits cercles du Théâtre Français. Je connaissais d'ailleurs l'extrême galanterie du Prince Polonais, sa prétendue courtoisie, son esprit romanesque, joué dans le monde ; sa profonde sensibilité, vertu de salon qu'il mettait toujours en avant, et qui le rendait un rival très-redoutable pour moi.

“Je me proposais donc d'espier ses tentatives et de ne pas perdre de vue Amélie. Quoique venu isolément à cette fête, j'y ai re-

joint bientôt madamé de P. et sa fille ; mais, prévenu de tout, je me suis borné à des observations discrètes, à une certaine distance.

"Le Prince S*** n'a pas manqué, aussitôt ces dames arrivées et le bal commencé, de faire sa tournée dans la salle, de manière à arriver au but et à s'arrêter près d'Amélie. Un salut respectueux à la mère, des regards en coulisse à la fille, tout cela ne m'échappait point, d'autant qu'Amélie semblait, par des mouvemens de tête du côté d'une croisée entr'ouverte, où j'étais assis, solliciter la faculté de respirer plus librement, et que j'osais me flatter, en secret, d'aider un peu par mes soupirs à faciliter cette respiration gênée."

The assignation of the Comte with Amélie is described with warmth, feeling, and delicacy ; and her emotions, on recovering from her fainting, are given with great force and pathos.

"Elles ont été affreuses, horribles, quelque temps après ; mais dès le premier moment, le cri de l'innocence abusée sans le savoir, a été déjà mon premier supplice. Rien ne peut rendre la douleur et le remords que coûtent à tout homme qui garde au fond de son âme quelque honnêteté, le regard confiant d'un ange déshonoré, les remerciemens de la vertu flétrie, et les carresses de la pudeur outragée à son insu, adressées à l'ingrat qui l'a perdue.

"Que suis-je devenu, lorsque, confus, humilié dans mes réponses vagues, j'ai vu Amélie à son réveil, frappée d'un premier mouvement de surprise et de terreur ? Quels remords affreux, lorsque balbutiant à ses questions où respiraient à-la-fois l'innocence et un horrible effroi inconnu d'elle jusqu'alors, elle a ajouté : ' Je ne sais ce que j'éprouve—mais ma mère revient dans deux jours, et je lui dirai—Gardez-vous en ! me suis-je écrié vivement. ' ' Pourquoi donc ? ' a repris Amélie avec une candeur déchirante et qui m'a percé l'âme. ' Gardez vous-en, Amélie !—Pourquoi ? ' a-t-elle repris plus vivement, avec un tremblement violent, ' Amélie ! continuai-je, Amélie ! silence ! silence éternel sur ce qui s'est passé ! Que s'est-il passé ? ' s'est écrié cet ange plus alarmé. ' Amélie ! dis-je en frémissant—et si, entraîné par l'amour—j'avais anticipé—sur les droits d'un époux—Quoi ! crie-t-elle, en prenant des convulsions effrayantes, ' C'est là—c'est l'amour !—quand le cœur seul—et je croyais—Oh ! malheureuse ! ' A ces mots, elle tombe sans connaissance.

"Je la prends alors dans mes bras, je cherche à la ranimer, mais en vain ; ses yeux étaient fixes, secs, ardents, ses cheveux épars, et ses lèvres tremblantes répétaient d'une voix sourde ces mots cruels : ' Ma mère, ma mère !—il est donc vrai—un seul mystère envers toi nous coûtera la vie ! ' "

"L'infortunée versait des torrens de larmes, sans reprendre ses esprits égarés. De ses mains elle recueillait des ruisseaux de larmes, et, dans son délire, en arrosait son sein, comme pour purifier la place

de mes baisers, avec son désespoir, et les effacer aux regards du monde.—‘Toujours ! toujours ! ils y sont !’ disait-elle en étouffant : ‘rien n’efface donc ce premier forfait ? Mais je pleurerai tant !—tant !—ô mon Dieu ! mes larmes sont si amères—qu’elles brûleront la place—oh ! oui ; et ma mère seule saura—’

“Elle retombe dans son anéantissement funeste. Je veux alors la prendre dans mes bras, et, entraîné par la passion autant que par la douleur, hasarder quelques caresses, et rappeler ses esprits : funeste erreur !

“Amélie, dans l’excès de l’indignation, ou plus éclairée sans doute, se lève comme un trait, les yeux étincelans, les cheveux presque dressés sur sa tête ; et, dans le désordre de ses vêtemens blancs, de son attitude fière et divine, je crois voir la vierge céleste au moment où elle quitta la terre, sur un trône de nuages. Prostrné à ses pieds, confordu, je la regarde terrifié ; je veux embrasser ses genoux, elle me repousse avec un froid dédain.

“‘Laisse-moi, Pierre ! tu me fais horreur !’

“Je veux insister avec larmes et prières.—‘Laisse-moi, Pierre !’ dit-elle d’un air inspiré et avec un dédain sublime : ‘Je croyais un amant le compagnon de ma vie, l’appui de la vertu—un second fils de ma mère ! rien—rien !—c’est l’assassin du corps et de l’âme. Tu m’as perdue ! laisse-moi, Pierre !’ et elle veut s’enfuir. Je me précipite alors devant elle, je veux la supplier, je lui donne le nom d’épouse :—‘Toi ! oh non ! il faudrait t’estimer au moins—Impossible à présent ! laisse-moi, Pierre !’”

The *dénouement* is wrought with a skill and power that we do not recollect to have often seen surpassed.

“Je me jette à ses pieds, je lui explique mes projets, la nécessité de faire parler sa famille, je la conjure d’oublier mon forfait, pour voir l’avenir et consentir à notre union. ‘C’est inutile, Pierre, dit-elle—c’est inutile ;’ et elle laisse, par un mouvement machinal et incompréhensible, tomber ses deux bras sur mon cou. Ravi de ce geste caressant et confiant, je la relève, dans mon transport, en m’écriant : ‘Tu consens donc, enfin, à ce que nous soyons unis ?—Unis ! oh oui ! comme ici, et pour toujours,’ dit-elle d’une voix étouffée. Elle se lasse alors tomber presque entièrement dans mes bras.

“Prenant son anéantissement pour l’ivresse de l’amour, je veux la faire asseoir sur ce banc noir et m’y placer à côté d’elle.

“‘Malheureux ! respecte au moins le tombeau de ma sœur,’ s’écrie Amélie avec l’accent horrible du désespoir, et se relevant debout, les yeux étincelans, comme l’ange exterminateur—A ces mots, je tombe foudroyé contre terre, et assez près du marbre pour qu’un rayon de l’astre des nuits, traversant à l’instant les nuages obscurs, me fasse lire sur la pierre ces mots, que l’or étincelant semblait retracer en traits de feu : ‘Eugénie de P— modèle de grâces, de bonté et d’innocence, éteinte à seize ans.’

“ Je vois alors, je vois que j'allais profaner le tombeau d'Eugénie; et je reconnais le cimetière du Père la Chaise, où huit jours avant nous avions accompagné la dépouille mortelle du général D***.

“ Je reste pétrifié, mes cheveux se dressent alors sur ma tête par cet affreux contraste de la mort avec l'excès de la vie.

“ Je frémis en voyant cette fille superbe, pâle, échevelée, les yeux hagards levés au ciel, qui lui lance un dernier rayon de clarté et de miséricorde; je la vois appuyée d'une main sur le tombeau de sa sœur, et de l'autre repoussant l'assassin de sa famille.

“ Es-tu content enfin. Pierre ?” dit-elle avec un dernier effort : “ la voilà—ma sœur; je la rejoins. Tout-a-l'heure j'y serai—aussi là. Nous y serons tous, et ce sera ton ouvrage.—O ciel! m'écriai-je, ‘que dites-vous!—Adieu, Pierre!’ dit-elle, en tombant sur ses genoux; ‘c'est toi qui as versé le poison—toi—le premier jour où je t'ai vu.—O ciel! du secours!—Arrête!—je souffre trop—Ah! ne m'assassine pas deux fois en me faisant vivre—Mon Dieu! du secours!’ m'écriai-je, désespéré. Je veux courir en chercher, mais elle me retient avec force.—‘Arrête, Pierre, il n'est plus temps : grâce au ciel, j'expire—Ecoute—Pars; et si jamais tu veux séduire encore—une malheureuse—tâche—qu'elle n'ait pas une mère aussi tendre—et un cœur comme le mien.’

“ Hors de moi, je pousse des cris lamentables en la soutenant : le concierge accourt d'un côté, et je vois s'élancer d'une touffe de cyprès un groupe nombreux éclairé par des flambeaux. On se précipite. O surprise! c'est Madame de P....! c'est son époux! c'est une famille éplorée dont je baise les pas, et que je conjure de me rendre au jour, en sauvant ceux d'Amélie. On lui prodigue de prompts secours, on emploie des cordiaux, on parvient enfin à la ranimer. La vue de ses parens, de leur tendresse, de leur indulgence, ce concert d'amour et de vénération pour elle, la repellent enfin à la vie; mais bientôt, voyant faire à Amélie un mouvement de surprise à l'aspect d'un homme décoré, placé dans le groupe, je me retourne et reconnais le Comte de N.... Quelle est alors ma confusion!

“ ‘Ce n'est pas votre désespoir, monsieur, qui m'amène ici par l'ordre de mon maître, dit-il, c'est celui d'une famille respectable, indignement outragée, et qui m'a prevenu de ce dernier attentat. Oui! Monsieur! le grand homme qui n'a pas voulu coûter une larme politique à la capitale, ne verra pas impunément les pleurs et le désespoir des familles. Priez le ciel qu'il rende au jour cet ange de vertu et de malheur; conjurez-la de vous sauver par le don de sa main le déshonneur et l'exil—votre sort dépend d'elle en ce moment.’

“ Cette alternative, les caresses de tant d'êtres, adorateurs d'Amélie, mon malheur, mon sort, dont elle est l'arbitre, paraissent toucher ma victime involontaire, et, quoiqu'elle se retourne

sans cesse vers la tombe, en disant tout bas : 'Ah ! j'espérais mourir au tombeau de ma sœur : l'on est, je crois, mieux ici : on dort, on ne souffre plus,' elle laisse cependant ses beaux yeux jeter sur moi un long regard de pitié et de tendresse.

"On saisit ce moment pour insister. Je me précipite contre terre, j'ose prendre cette fille céleste dans mes bras, et lui jurer de la rendre heureuse. Tant d'adorations réunies la calment enfin ; elle se relève en s'appuyant sur moi : 'Sortons donc un moment encore de cette enceinte,' dit-elle, en montrant la petite balustrade qui entourait les arbustes du tombeau ; 'fermons la barrière. Ah ! ce n'est pas pour longtemps !—non, quand on sent comme moi !—Cela dépend de vous, Monsieur,' dit-elle avec un regard incompréhensible. 'Voilà la clef du tombeau—je la laisse en vos mains.' "

On the whole, we consider this novel as one of the most captivating that has issued from the French press during the *interregnum*.

B.

PHILOSOPHY OF ARMAGEDDON.

ART. XIII.—*Armageddon. A Poem, in Twelve Books. By the Rev. GEORGE TOWNSEND, B.A. of Trinity College, Cambridge. The First Eight Books. 4to. Pp. 314. Hatchard. 1815.*

Φαῖλοι μὲν οὖν ἡμεῖς γε, ὧς περὶ τηλικούτων λόγοντας, καὶ πολλὰ τοῦ προσήκοντος ἐνδεστέροι, τὰ δὲ πράγματα οὐ φαῖλα ὑπὲρ ὧν ἰλέομεν. DION.

WE open our review with the author's explanation of his poem. In a modest dedication, addressed to that most amiable young nobleman, the Duke of Devonshire, Mr. Townsend avows his purpose to represent the GOD of NATURE as the GOD of CHRISTIANITY : to unite HIS mysterious dispensations with regard to man, with HIS government of the universe : to reconcile HIS justice and HIS love : to shew the reasonableness of Christianity, and the necessity of obedience to the divine law.

The text is awful : the elucidation sublime !

It does not, however, comprehend a system of divinity ; but, as the poet *inaptly* expresses himself, it developes "the speculations of 'FANCY' within the regions of Truth, delighting itself with the elevating contemplations connected with our future existence."

Now, although it is not our practice to cavil at single words, we have desired to apply the term *inaptly* to the word *Fancy* in the preceding passage. The expression ought to have been "IMAGINATION." Fancy is a light, sportive, and elegant in-

dulgence of the mind; whereas, imagination is the magnificent source of every spring that sublimates the human intellect.

In constructing the machinery of "A NEW THEORY OF THE UNIVERSE," Mr. Townsend has ventured to assume, that the whole space filled with stars is enclosed by heaven above, and by hell beneath; that it is encircled from east to west by the place appointed for the judgment of mankind—the scene of the last contest between the powers of Good and Evil. And, to this ideal circumference, he has appropriated the name of *Armageddon*.*

"What is God's universe? One spacious orb,
(The centre, star-filled space) on all sides round
Boundless: the kingdom of the heavens above
Shines in the glories of the immediate God;
Beneath, in all its terrors, flames the world
Of hell; and round the stars from west to east,
The realms of *Armageddon*: oft on wing
Swifter than light, our venturous forms have dared
The roaring gulphs, and sought in vain an end:
All is infinity! the heavens above
To endless distance spread; this hell beneath
Unfathomable; and *Armageddon's* wastes
On all sides boundless: God alone through all
Extends—eternal—infinite—unknown."

This is a vast contemplation! The limited knowledge of man is bewildered by a single glance at the perspective of a philosophy so new, so incomprehensible, so stupendous, as the anticipation of events destined, by the inscrutable decrees of Providence, to celebrate the divine grandeur of the day of judgment. We are taught to believe, that there is a dread hereafter—a world to come—wherein all mysteries of the creation will be disclosed; but Revelation hath not enlarged our weak vision beyond a trembling mental expectation of the transcendent splendours of that all-glorious moment. We know not whether the affections of this world will be revived in the world to come; much less do we know in what manner the merciful judgment of our Heavenly Father will pronounce rewards and

* Various significations have been assigned to the word *Armageddon*: it will be found in the Book of Revelations.

"The Mount of Meeting"—*Grotius*. "The Destruction of Armies"—*Dru-sius*. "The Mount of Megiddo"—*Parkhurst*. "The Mount of Destruction"—*Newton*.

Mr. Townsend assumes, that the contest on earth is expected to take place at *Armageddon*, near Jerusalem; on which account, he has made it the theatre of his magnificent drama. The whole scenery is explained in an admirable preface.

punishments. He, who would be happy here, or hope for bliss hereafter, will prepare for the blessedness of immortality through the ordeal of a well spent life.

As, however, the poem before us contains only eight of twelve books destined to its completion; and as the latter four will embrace the more exalted theme, "THE CONSUMMATION OF ALL THINGS!" we propose to refer our minute review until the work shall be perfected. Meanwhile, we delight to observe, that this epic poem is worthy the highest general commendation. It is descriptive of a most capacious mind: it discloses a vastness of conception, a sublimity of enthusiasm, a fascination of poetic genius, which for beauty, grace, and elegance, is rarely equalled. We do not trace the steps of Milton, or of Klopstock, as we pursue the scenery of this poem; notwithstanding, we frequently encounter paths wherein we have been accustomed to accompany their Muse.

It may be decided, that the language of Mr. Townsend is less heavenly than that of Milton; still, it must be confessed, that it is more luminous. The latter must be studied before he can be enjoyed; whereas, the former is always perspicuous: he unites simplicity of expression with grandeur of sentiment: every period is replete with glowing beauties; and his embellishment is transparent: he animates all he touches: he gives a momentary reality to delusion!

But our panegyric is confined to the poetry: neither his doctrine nor his politics claim our cordial applause. We cannot lend our sanction to the subversion of religious toleration, as we consider Pope's Universal Prayer to be the basis of all theological disquisition—

" Father of all—in every age,
In every clime ador'd;
By saint, by savage, or by sage,
Jehovah!—Jove!—or, Lord!"

We do not, therefore, even grant to *Fancy* the poetic licence of excluding the untutored heathen from the mansions of bliss, on fastidious motives of Christianity, unsupported by any retrospect to moral turpitude. It is presumptuous in erring man to denounce the divine vengeance against any particular sect of his fellow human beings. A poet soars beyond the regions of mortality, when he impiously invests his verse with the omniscient attributes of his Maker. Such attempt is a degrading fanaticism, too strongly tinctured with the hypocritical cant of methodism, to meet approbation from an enlightened public.

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"Judge not, lest ye be judged," is the warning voice of the holy scriptures!

We gladly pass from this rebuke to exhibit the merits of the poetry; and, first, we will select the solemn summons of the angel Ariel to the dead.

"Time is no more! Arise, and burst your graves,
 Ye slumbering children of the Holy One,
 And gird the robe of incorruption round!
 For lo! the morning of the tomb's long night,
 The spring that ends the winter of the grave,
 Is come! Ye guardian spirits! protect, and guide,
 Your own selected sons, as earth and sea
 Shall pour their tenants forth: the vine is ripe;
 Ye reapers, gather in the clustering grapes!
 The wine press is prepared! ye winds of heaven,
 Breathe your sweet influence o'er th' awakening dead!
 Breathe, spirit of God! at thy command they rise!
 Time is no more! heirs of immortal bliss,
 Wake from the sleep of death, arise! arise!"

Our admiration next ponders on the anthem chaunted by the heavenly choir, "From every race of the deserted stars"—

"Son of the Father! honour, and power, and might,
 Be unto thee that sittest on the throne
 Of mercy! 'twas thine arm salvation brought,
 And not ourselves; not unto us the praise,
 Eternal Lord! but to thy name be given
 The glory and the blessing, that redeemed
 Our souls, and brought us to the realms of light
 To die no more! from Thee, the unceasing spring
 Of goodness rises! over all thy works
 Extends, and feeds with happiness, and love,
 Thy fair creation; thou renew'st our robes
 For garments of salvation purified
 In thine own blood: no more our suns shall rise.
 Thou art our sun, thy dwelling is with us!
 And here beginning the continual song
 Of love! for ever we adore, and praise
 Thee, the Almighty! Thee, the only God!"

In the third and fourth books we find the scenery amid the infernal regions. Demons are represented in the triumph of receiving the damned for their future associates; and, in the pride of exultation, they council on the expediency of assaulting the heavens. ODIN, the presiding demon over war and murder, opens the portentous debate.

“ Oh ! had the kings
Of earth their radiant diadems adorned
With trophies of celestial peace, and spurned
The cruel grandeur of relentless war,
And mad, and wild ambition ; had the race
Of nations the degrading love of gold
And avarice despised ; content had ruled
The globe, temptations failed, and all our snares
Begn fruitless to condemn the tribes of man.
Hear ! angels ! hear the agonizing screams
Of mortals, as the eddying fire around
The base of Achim bears their struggling forms ;
There float the murderous conquerors, there the crowds
Whose pride or avarice, hatred, or revenge,
Embittered life, and on their dying bed
Fixed deep the thorn remorse ; there, all that loved
The world's seduction, careless of their God,
Embracing crime, for pleasure, or renown :
Now, sad remembrance to the fainting heart
Unfolds the scroll of long-forgotten vice,
And vile contempt, and biting shame unite
To engraft their pangs : for these had known their Lord
And heard in vain the message of the grace
Which shed Immanuel's blood, when he from heaven
Descended, to redeem the sons of earth.
There shriek the millions that obeyed the world
Against their nobler judgment : last and worst
Of human beings, yell the hated race
Of priestly hypocrites ; the damned bane
Of their whole kind : who vowed to minister
With conscience clear, and head, and hand, and heart,
Obedient only to their Lord, with thoughts
Fixed on this dreadful day, and in the sight
Of God, and angels vowed ; then, lied to heaven,
And, man regarding, pleased a frivolous age,
Full of themselves, and covetous of praise.
These, when the parting soul looked on the past
With terror, trembling at the future wrath,
And, bordering on both worlds, their pastor sought
For comfort and support ; these with false tongue,
Flattered the parting soul, until the dart
Of death, deep-quivering in the anxious breast,
Disclosed the horrors of the infernal scene,
With execrations on their faithless guides.
Thanks to your treacherous arts ! though many a curse
Rest on your heads, though on this day of woe,
Back on yourselves your anguished thoughts recoil,
And tortured thousands ban your hated names.
Gaze, demons, on their woes : the self-same power

Has sworn on us to execute his wrath
 In judgment. Lord, and sovereign of our host !
 On thee we call : say, shall we range our tribes
 High on the verge of Hell, and dare the God ?
 Borne on our fearless pinions leave the deep ?
 Or, plunging downwards to the realms of Hell,
 Explore new worlds, and fix our empire there ?
 Assist our fainting counsels ! Chieftain, rise !
 Mature our hopes, immortal Hierarch !
 Teach us to follow, where our monarch soars,
 And lead us on to victory, and to Heaven !"

The fifth and sixth books describe the universe, of which our earth forms a very small portion. The picture is magnificent ; but the features most commanding, delineate a demon, arrogantly floating in ether, and meditating the destruction of the world. Mr. Townsend takes this occasion to descant on the modern history of France.

" There Gallia spreads her rich and fragrant vales,
 And purple vines ; there Nature's loveliest charms
 Adorned the fertile realm, and called aloud
 For peace, but called in vain : successive kings
 Her sceptre held with glory, but their sun
 Was veiled in darkness, when rebellion seized
 The best of their illustrious line, and stained
 Their blushing country with a monarch's blood.
 Accursed and cruel deed ! ignoble feet
 Trampled the sacred lilly ; base-born hands
 Despoiled the flowers of fair nobility,
 And bade them fade in distant climes, and droop
 In anguish, and in exile : soon the land,
 Fatigued with factions, anarchy, and war,
 Obeyed the prosperous Islander, that grasped
 The unsteady helm, the last dread scourge of earth !
 His was the midnight murder, his the smile
 Of unrelenting, jealous cruelty ;
 His was the iron heart, the tearless eye
 That mocked the miseries himself had caused,
 When panting for the sovereignty of earth,
 He forced th' unwilling orphan to the field
 Of death, in German, or in Scythian plains.
 Impious in wickedness, and proudly wrong,
 He rent the veil of justice, and disdained
 To gloss his tyrannies with specious names,
 But pour'd his legions on Hesperia's shore ;
 She, trembling at his power, implored the aid
 Of Britain, bulwark of the groaning world !

Nor sought in vain ; thy brave and generous arm,
Great friend of liberty ; was stretched to save
Th' oppressed ; thy chieftains conquered ; and thy flag
Terrific waved, and drove th' oppressors back
With shame and ignominy : till the land,
Safe from the storm that threatened to destroy
The stately vessel of its ancient realm ;
Safe from the terrors of the danger, breathed
In freedom ; rescued from the menaced yoke."

We shall close, for the present, with an extract complimentary to the national character of Great Britain.

"Nor walls, nor towers, nor large extent of clime,
Nor endless wealth," (the ethereal prince replied,)
Nor countless cities, spangling the gay land
And glittering with the tribute of the world,
Raised to its dazzling height proud Albion's name.
"Twas man, and man alone ! her generous sons,
Rich in their virtuous pride that loved the state,
Where equal laws with equal influence bound
The monarch's purpose, and the people's will,
And liberty, immortal liberty,
Shared the high throne of justice and of law :
These formed their country's grandeur : these alone
Reared the fair column of Britannia's fame,
Parent of dauntless, virtuous, free-born men !
Glance on the distant north thy careful eye,
Where Europe's ample plains extend, and trace
The lengthening coast ; there parted from the shores,
Obscurely visible, the narrow speck
Arises to th' inquiring gaze, and shines
The brilliant gem of Ocean. Hail ! blest isle !
Sweet home of freedom ! whose unconquered land,
Obedient to its sovereign's mandate, poured
Its warrior thousands forth ; elate to meet
Their ceaseless foes, and bend their haughty heads
The willing victims of a glorious death,
With proud remembrance of their fathers fired.
The soul of honour in thy nobles breathed ;
That held the stable balance of the law,
When the mad torrent of the people's rage
Oppressed the sacred barrier ; rich and great,
Thy sons exulted in thy envied fame.
Thine aged patriots, virtuous, wise, and good ;
Thy use surpassing praise ; thy daughters fair,
As morning's earliest blush that paint's the east,
Pure as the light, and perfect as the hand
Of nature framed the loveliest of the flowers

Of roseate spring ; possessed of every charm,
And all the magic graces that compelled
The sway of beauty o'er adoring man."

The difficulties of philosophy—the depths of science—and the secrets of nature—have lately become the brilliant *theories* of several learned men in this country. We have just received notice from a gentleman, who reports active progress on "A PHILOSOPHICAL DEMONSTRATION OF THE EXISTENCE OF GOD!"

E.

SUMMARY OF POLITICS.

WE commence our political review at a most awful period, and under the most appalling contemplations. The horrors of a sanguinary and protracted war had ceased. With the approach of peace we hailed that of an ameliorated system. We expected to experience some alleviation of our oppressive burthens—some release from the miseries that had so long haunted our fire-sides ; but mercy dwells not always with the superintending Genius of a people's rights ; nor does the Dove constitutionally dictate to the sceptre it embellishes.

The nation, supine in suffering, had borne with habitual fortitude, tax heaped upon tax : wherefore have they borne it ? To support ministers throughout a war, originating in a league inauspicious to the dearest interests of mankind, and maintained in obstinate subversion of the fundamental principles of immutable justice.

Under this impression, the result of dreadful experience, we sit down to inquire to what end the talents of our representatives have been directed—to analyse their ingenuities and their subterfuges—to scan their weakness—to expose their follies—to censure their waste—to arraign their profusion—and to DEMAND, why the voice of the people is treated with contempt !

We begin with taking a retrospective view of the causes of a war, that has been unceasingly fatal to the general repose of civilized society ; and in so doing our inquiry will be limited to facts, on which we propose to argue with moderation, and to decide with impartiality. We are goaded by acute feeling ; but we will not be influenced by passion : we have no party to serve—we attack measures, not men : for we have learned that the minority patriot of to-day may become the ministerial despot of to-morrow. The language of statesmen is universal ; and

easily acquired. The GRAMMAR will be found in the RED BOOK.

It is notorious that our unnatural war with America was one of the principal causes of the revolution in France. Louis XVI. employed emissaries to despoil us of a valuable colony, by revolutionizing its inhabitants; and he succeeded, through the activity of M. de la Fayette and other zealous French agents.

This improvident act, however, cost him eventually his life. Louis XVI. sought, it is true, only to injure England; but the introduction of American politics into France facilitated the ruin of the Bourbons. Fayette, in taking leave of the American Congress, alluded to his own country, when he emphatically exclaimed: "*May this great monument, raised to liberty, serve as a lesson to the oppressor, and an example to the oppressed.*"—And, on his return to France, his revolutionary experience proved a powerful engine in crushing monarchy.

We shall be brief on the French revolution: the people, groaning under the yoke of hereditary despotism, at length discovered that a love of liberty was paramount; and that, to will the blessing, was a sufficient motive for the enjoyment. Still, the success of the people against the corruption of their court, and against the rapacity of their monks, was not effected without much bloodshed, notwithstanding the national impulse was that of "SACRED LIBERTY." The cause, however, finally triumphed.

We, most assuredly, are not advocates for popular revolution; but we consider, that existing circumstances in France greatly warranted the conduct of the people. It was, at all events, a question for the exclusive decision of the French nation: and, we submit, that whatever opinion other European courts might entertain, on the abstract rights of a people to resist oppression in their rulers, and to change their form of government, the interference of one nation with the internal regulations of another could not be justified; and more particularly in a government, whose reigning dynasty owed its creation to "AN ACT OF THE PEOPLE."

It must, at all times, be a delicate undertaking to analyze the prerogative of kings; and it would be equally difficult to determine, to what precise extent despotism *may* be tolerated, or when it *might* provoke RESISTANCE. If the various sovereigns of Europe were compelled to exhibit something better, and more pure, than prescriptive title to their crowns, we know not who could substantiate a claim, unsullied either by fraud, by conquest, or by usurpation.

We have pointed out the nature of the services rendered to this country by Louis XVI. namely, the loss of an advantageous colony, now the avowed enemy, and formidable rival, of our commercial greatness; yet, to avenge the memory of this man, and to combat for the extinguished claim of his family, has the world been plunged into the most destructive wars, under the shallow pretext, that the republic of France promulgated doctrines inimical to the interests of society. That such doctrines were calculated, by awakening the reflective powers of the people, to shake the security of the *tyrannic* governments in *Germany*, is indisputable; but France was not the only state, the freedom of whose government held out a dangerous example. It must, therefore, be inferred, that the sole object of our waging war with the French Republic, was in defence of the *divine right* of kings, to avenge the death of the "LORD'S ANOINTED."

It has been well observed, that tempests in the physical world, and revolutions in the political world, are analogous: the one purifies the atmosphere; the other purifies the state. This was the glorious result in France, when the whole of Europe entered into a combination to obscure the liberty just dawning on its infant Republic. The unjustifiable conduct of the continental powers, in coalescing to crush a government formed by the French people, has produced greater mischief to the world, than the daring ambition of any individual could have accomplished without such interference.

The effects produced by these coalitions have been twofold: first, in *inviting* the French people to strengthen the hands of executive power, to enable them to resist foreign invasion: secondly, in *compelling* them to direct their principal attention to warlike pursuits, which, favouring the natural propensity of the nation, has made them a ruthless race. Hence, we trace the greatness of Napoleon!

We shall next offer some remarks on the political course of Buonaparte; a man whose mental vigour, rapidity of thought, depth of conception, and boldness of execution, fill the mind with awful wonder at the sublimity of human intellect. His liberal patronage of the arts, and the improvements he has introduced into the internal regulations of France, will entitle him to the admiration of posterity. But, in contemplating the reverse of this splendid picture, we shall discover that all these brilliant qualities have been stained by a merciless ambition, unfeared by a single trait of compunction; we shall, moreover, find him a man instigated by the basest passions: a man, whose system is fabricated in the wiles of falsehood: a man,

who hesitates not at crime, however great; at stratagem, however unprincipled: a man, gifted with extraordinary talents, yet a believer in the unphilosophical tenets of predestination: a man, enriched with every superior endowment to command the esteem of the world; yet a man, who, by a perversion of his noble faculties, is degraded into a scourge to humanity.

He commenced his career the professed friend of liberty; the avowed enemy of tyrants; yet he adopted these professions as a mere stepping stone to his ambition, and became baneful by his apostacy—detestable from his despotism! Persevering, however, in his projects, undaunted in his pursuits of glory, he galloped over mountains of slaughter to his darling goal. Such a man may fill the human mind with supernatural astonishment; but he will never create veneration.

We have already observed, that had the French people not possessed a native military ardour, the course pursued by the sovereigns of Europe, at the commencement of the Revolution, must either have made them a warlike nation, or reduced them to slavery under their former tyrants. Their only means to evade the one evil, was to embrace the other. By their enlightened choice, which filled every European court with alarm, they found themselves enabled to maintain, and with success, a contest against foes, powerful in every particular—except in popular opinion.

It has ever been the prerogative of Kings to make wanton war with each other. This unnatural custom has engendered a degree of jealousy, amounting to enmity, among contending sovereigns; who, notwithstanding they plausibly style each other "**BROTHER,**" never forget their acquired antipathies. Their treaties of alliance are mostly the result of imperative necessity, and are no longer *sacred*, than as they may prove *convenient*: each party conforms only until he feels the power of releasing himself from an imposed engagement.

Such were the foes the Republic of France had to contend with. The result may be easily anticipated; when, on the one side, we behold men fighting under the banners of liberty; enthusiastic in their heart-cheering cause; directed by unity of plan, and commanded by generals elevated by their zeal and talents. On the other side, we view armies, powerful certainly in numbers, but acting without concert; commanded by monarchs, whose distracted interests mar their councils; whose daring politics war against principle. Besides, the republicans possessed the grand advantage of engaging on their own soil, with concentrated strength: whilst their opponents were far removed from their supplies and resources. We shall not

dwell on the result of this coalition, which was speedily destroyed by all the contending parties concluding separate treaties with France—excepting devoted England—and it would have been well for the cause of humanity, for the interest of Europe generally, and for that of this country in particular, if this SOLITARY EXCEPTION had not existed.

There cannot be a greater misfortune to any state, possessed of wealth or other powerful resources, than to be under the dominion of privileged persons, obstinately pursuing a system diametrically opposed to the substantial interests of their country: of persons, exercising unlimited controul over the resources of a kingdom; and assuming the adoption of any visionary scheme that may heat their fancy, or gratify the caprices of a royal master. Such farce continues so long as ministerial ingenuity can invent plausible modes of taxation, and the people choose to shew a disposition not to resort to *constitutional modes of redress*. This is the real cause of our protracted suffering.

In pursuing this enquiry, we do not feel it necessary to enter into the *private feelings of public men*; but it is apparent, that a renewed war, whilst it reduces this country to a state of individual bankruptcy, enriches ministers: it increases the patronage of the crown; and, by introducing large standing armies, it undermines the principles of the constitution, and weakens the security of the subject. We offer this last remark incidentally to our discussion, and are willing rather to describe it as an effect, than as a cause, of the *policy* pursued against France.

The British cabinet having, with an extended coalition, failed in the experiment of overturning the French government, had recourse to another expedient—that of buying over the German courts separately. This plan may have been wonderfully wise: it is, notwithstanding, too paradoxical for our general comprehension; but one part we do understand—England found the *money*, and the other contracting parties sold the *lives of their subjects*. The results of these separate coalitions were invariably disastrous; and whilst they weakened the allies, they strengthened the power, and increased the military renown, of France, which they had vainly sought to overthrow.

The first invasion of France kindled an universal spirit of military enthusiasm: the Revolution had brought forward men, whose intellect and ambition had signalized them in its service; and talent was the only passport to distinction. It is the obvious policy of every country to remove the seat of war from its own plains. Such was the course pursued by France, when menaced by the other powers: this, added to the vigorous

measures she pursued in meeting her numerous foes, the boldness of her plans, and the valour of her troops, soon dispirited and humbled her assailants. Her principal advantage, notwithstanding, consisted in the cause she was embarked in: it was professedly that of liberty. The nations she invaded, borne down with the despotism of their rulers, feebly opposed armies that were resolved on their subjugation. It was, consequently, to OPINION that her armies were indebted for their first successes; which continued, from the same source, uninterrupted. The invaded looked for an improvement in their situation from the introduction of free principles; but the coalitions we were perpetually forming on the continent assisted the projects of France. It was the system of interminable war, pursued by *this* country, that forwarded every project of Napoleon. This it was, that drove the people to arms as their *only* alternative; that furnished their chief with opportunities of signalizing himself, and becoming their tyrant. From this period, however, of gratified ambition, Napoleon lost his respectability with every true friend of liberty. When he assumed the title of Emperor, he became an apostate to the cause he had advocated—a despot to the people, who had made every sacrifice to release themselves from slavery.

Still, the progress of the French arms flourished; and each new triumph, by engrafting a compelled alliance on the vanquished party, confirmed the gigantic projects of Napoleon. His newly created allies were not long in discovering their abject lot. The plans of the French Emperor were speciously veiled under the semblance of retributive justice; and the avowed pretext for his military career was to chastise the interference of England, and to avenge the dissensions she had inflamed amongst the continental powers.

Napoleon, however, too elated with success, and too impatient in his grasp at universal dominion, displayed to the world the unequivocal nature of his designs. By his unprincipled attack on Spain and Russia, he roused the dormant energies of the whole mass of the people, who began to discover that their masters were but the vassals of France; and, preferring to be governed by their own tyrants, rather than by foreign despotism, they unanimously resolved to release themselves from the yoke of their universal oppressor.

The Spanish contest was the first serious calamity that had opposed the daring of Napoleon: that struggle is a glorious monument to the people, who supported the contest, undismayed by the corruption of their grandees, and uninfluenced by the terrors of religion: yet would their efforts have been una-

vailing, without the talents and perseverance of the illustrious Wellington. That magnanimous captain, with the feeble support of two weak governments, surmounted the prejudices of the Spanish nation; overcame surrounding obstacles; reconciled contending parties; and, by the grandeur of his plans, and the valour of his troops, finally triumphed!

Our success in Spain decided the fate of Europe. Napoleon, who owed his rise to the influence of opinion, may attribute his fall to the same cause. The failure of his ill-concerted designs on Russia deprived him of the strongest army he had ever commanded, and reduced him to the humiliation of escaping in disguise.

Those who were accustomed to contemplate royal imbecility, awed by despair, had not the most distant idea that Napoleon, after so fatal an overthrow—having lost all his veterans, ammunition, horses, &c.—would, within the space of a few months, have brought a second army into the field, powerful in numbers, and sufficiently disciplined to cope with troops elated by recent victory; but the never-failing energies of a vigorous mind expand at moments of appalling difficulty. Napoleon once more filled the world with wonder; he repelled his assailants; who, however, instigated by the intrigues and subsidies of the British cabinet, had not employed the intermediate time in slothful inactivity. A new coalition was formed with brighter prospects of success; the contest now was—not to check the liberties of mankind, but to relieve the world from the humiliations of a foreign yoke. The sovereigns, for a moment, courted popularity; it suited their princely purpose; and the people, no longer conceiving their cause separated from that of their monarch, caught the flame of enthusiasm, and the whole of Europe joined in one sacred struggle.

The work of desolation commenced: the contest was maintained with valour and skill on both sides; and its final success was often doubtful: yet superiority of numbers was not to be resisted, armed as they were in a cause worthy their sublimest efforts. Napoleon was left to the alternative of submitting to the terms dictated by the allies, or that of risking his crown by continuing the war under every disadvantage—he preferred the latter; and not until his capital was in the possession of his enemies, did he relinquish his hopes, by abdicating his crown, and retiring to Elba. The people of France were, now, at liberty to settle their own form of government. And, it is worthy of remark, that in this emergency, notwithstanding the

Allies were in possession of the French capital, they disclaimed interference with the new constitution.

It is immaterial at present to discuss the point, whether a few individuals, *self elected* into a provisional government, could be possessed of the right to legislate for a whole people: we will suppose they had; and as their choice of a monarch was not objected to by the people of France, it is unnecessary for us to observe upon it.

Louis was called to the throne conditionally that he would subscribe to the constitutional charter, as offered by the executive government. In this charter his title was expressly declared to be "*by the will of the people*;" and by it he was to recognize all the acts since the Revolution as *legal*. In yielding to these terms no small portion of legerdemain was displayed. Monsieur entered Paris some time before the King; and the provisional government relinquished their trust to him, on his assurance that his brother would subscribe to the constitutional charter. At length the King arrived; but the instrument not suiting his princely ideas, he *declined* his signature until it had been revised and altered. He chose to style himself Louis XVIII, which—although he could not reject the words, "*by the will of the people*," nor avoid recognizing the acts of the Republic and of Napoleon—was putting in his claim on the score of *divine right*. The responsibility required of him was *nominal*, as his acts were not to be countersigned by the minister; and the boasted liberty of the press dwindled to nothing, as the newspapers were still to be under court controul, and no work under twenty sheets could be published until approved by the censors. Notwithstanding these *radical defects* in the new constitution, the condition of the people was partially improved by their change of masters; the rigours of an absolute government were softened into a limited monarchy; with the further advantage of religious toleration, a press *somewhat* less restricted, a trial by jury, and the abolition of the conscript laws.

We cannot quit this stage of our political review, without pausing to reflect on what Louis XVIII now is, and what he might have been.

At the invitation of Talleyrand, who had artfully prepared the way for his reception, the exiled Count de Lille was admitted to the throne of his ancestors, on the conditions we have just enumerated. The reformed government was clandestinely established under a new constitutional charter, framed by Talleyrand with a brilliancy of sophistry too well calculated to have hoodwinked the nation, had not some public spirited journalists undertaken to unmask the specious imposition. Among

these, a M. Duchêne, advocate in the courts of law at Paris, appears to have been the most bold, as well as the most enlightened commentator. He proved to the people the instability by which emigrant property was held by its present proprietors; and, that when occasion might serve, the "ANCIENT REGIME" would be their "RENEWED CONSTITUTION."

Such a doubt was destructive to the increasing popularity of the restored Bourbons. All was *not* universal joy at Paris on that remarkable event. Even M. Chateaubriand, the zealous partizan of Louis XVIII, said in his celebrated pamphlet,—Undoubtedly, great joy was evinced at the arrival of the Bourbons, but much uneasiness was mingled with it. The ancient republicans, in particular, were far from being so satisfied as to applaud with cordiality: many among them thought of retiring, and had prepared for flight.

The truth is, that the people did not feel entire confidence at the first moment of the King's return. Many were much alarmed: the provinces were agitated; divided; the army knew not whether any consideration would be had for its sufferings; its victories: chains were feared; vengeance was dreaded—but the character of the King being by degrees better known, men's fears were calmed; the dawn of peace with the hope of happiness began to appear; and it beamed on those who had never expected to see it more.

But, notwithstanding all the loyal effusions of M. Chateaubriand's magic pen, he only proved that the people OUGHT to be happy; NOT that they would find their happiness confirmed by the new constitutional charter. For ourselves, we are inclined to believe the following to have been his best founded argument:—We have had enough—says he—of revolution. Every good Frenchman ought, at this moment, to bury his private discontents in his bosom, even admitting such discontents to be reasonable. He, therefore, who publishes opinions calculated to inflame the public mind, is constitutionally a culprit. France has great need of repose: it is the duty of every one who loves his country to imitate the good Samaritan, by administering to the wounded mind. If any are aggrieved by the restoration of monarchy, let them reflect on the past; and let Candour proclaim to the multitude, that those privations at which they now repine, are blessings compared with those they HAD endured.

This was the true spirit of national conciliation. We all know that men's minds, after a civil revolution, are slow in returning to domestic reflections. At the restoration of our Charles II, public opinion long continued in a state of fearful

ferment. When the general bustle, incidental to such a change in government, began to subside; persons who had espoused opposite interests, felt all the antipathies of party spirit revive within them. Political hatreds were publicly avowed; and the WHIGS and the TORIES were the offspring of these contending factions.

But it was not the *practical* policy of Louis XVIII to soothe the people into a belief, that the "CONVENTION" had proved an antidote to republican liberty; or, that "BONAPARTE's TYRANNY" should have taught them to execrate absolute power. So far from insinuating into the public mind, that a limited monarchy, such as their new constitutional charter offered to their possession, would prove a form of government best suited to the national dignity of France, as well as most conducive to the general welfare of the people, he indulged himself in the commission of imbecile, fanatical, and visionary projects, which shortly generated his second exile; and, what is infinitely more to be deplored, again involved this country in a disastrous war.

We are told, forsooth, that it is magnanimous in our Regent to support the fallen fortunes of the man he *loved*. On this subject we will not indulge our own bitter reflections. We prefer to extract a paragraph from a Sunday's paper, published about six weeks ago. In offering it without a comment, we neither approve nor censure the opinions it contains. That office we leave to our readers.

Speaking of the *Times*, and other prostituted journals, it states: "We are blessed with a Prince who loves the people as he loves his *wife* and child; and yet these wretched scavengers of literature incessantly rack their addled brains to induce a popular disposition to a ruinous renewal of bloodshed and pecuniary dilapidation; and this passes for *loyalty*! Knowing the case of the rejected Bourbons is but an exact counterpart of that of the outcast Stuarts; and that the NEW FAMILY in England, like the NEW FAMILY in France, hold their sovereignty by a legitimate election—not an hereditary right; they call the NEW FAMILY in France rebels, and this passes for loyalty to the NEW FAMILY in England! Asserting the title of the Count de Lille to the FRENCH THRONE, they maintain the right of the late Pretender to the ENGLISH THRONE: and this passes for loyalty to GEORGE THE THIRD!"

Alas! might we not have hoped from the dreadful results inseparable from a six and twenty years protracted warfare; from the reduced, nay beggared, fortunes of every state in Europe at such momentous crisis; that the illustrious authors of this extended evil, to suffering humanity, would have been

abhorrent to any renovated contest? Must we be compelled to see—to feel—to acknowledge—that there are men, in this civilized world, too defective in understanding to profit by experience: too obstinate to think correctly: too depraved to be guided by the warning voice of justice? Must hereditary crime, for ever, go hand in hand with hereditary caprice? and must the public groan unceasingly, without exciting even one gleam of compunction, beneath an increasing load of taxation? We hurry from this horrible contemplation!—To proceed—

We shall not enter minutely into the conduct of the Allies at their memorable Congress. All the world has read how banditti—who plunder because they are beyond the law—adjust the appropriation of their spoil. The fatal deliberations of this august assembly soon proclaimed, *that force of arms was the grand regulator of the claims of justice*. Russia, whose extent of territory, ambitious views, and successful aggressions, make her the terror of the CIVILIZED world, was to be rendered still more formidable by the annexation of Poland; Austria was to take possession of Italy; Prussia, of Saxony; Holland, of Belgium; and England, after having *paid* all these nations for fighting their own battles, and after having displayed more OBSTINACY in the cause of kings than all the other powers, was to *gain* nothing: on the contrary, she was to resign the little she had acquired—save that *precious morceau*, y'cleped GERMAN TERRITORY. To this may be added—Norway was given to the Crown Prince of Sweden, as a noble reward for his *gratitude* to his former patron; and the Republic of Genoa is ceded to the bigotted monarch of Sardinia.

Such were the princely councils of our magnanimous Allies. But a noble burst of indignation from the patriotic hearts of Mr. Whitbread, and other spirited men in the British senate, gave a check to this unprincipled appropriation of the property of others; and it became necessary, from the mere influence of public opinion, to *qualify* these *congregated* resolutions. We shall merely add, in the words of the truly respectable and independent *Examiner*, “THUS, did IMBECILITY meditate INJUSTICE!”

It was during the sitting of these assembled monarchs, and before they had finally pronounced their awful sentence on the condemned states, that Napoleon astonished the world by his re-appearance in France.

Now, how do the internal-changes of government in France affect the people of England? It is not for us to decide whether the French shall bow before a King or an Emperor—For Bonaparte, no man possessing an English heart, and a cool head, can be an advocate; yet, any further aggression against him,

must be deprecated, as leading to fresh disaster, and further impositions upon a people who so long have borne the principal burthen of the war.

We have been obliged to go more fully into detail than we could have wished: in pursuing our retrospect, we have traced the war to its causes, we shall next pursue it to its effects. It is only by following this course, that we can arrive at any just conclusions. We have endeavoured in these strictures to preserve the most rigid impartiality; and if our statement of facts, and the conclusions we have deduced from them be correct, the impolicy of our ministers in interfering with France can only be equalled by its injustice. We shall now enter into the comparative survey of our situation before the revolution, and at the close of the war.

In the year 1792, our whole annual expenditure amounted to about £16,500,000; of which about nine millions defrayed the interest of the national debt, and the remainder provided for the other expenses of the state. At the close of the war, the sum required by the Chancellor of the Exchequer to support a peace establishment, was about £56,000,000! thirty-five millions and a half for the interest of the debt, and about eighteen and a half to defray the expenses of the state.

In the year 1792 the poor rates amounted to £2,100,587, and in 1812 it had reached the enormous sum of £16,452,656! At the former period, the number of persons receiving parish aid amounted to rather exceeding 800,000, at the latter, to above 2,000,000! And it must be remarked that this calculation—about *one-fifth* of the people—is confined to England and Wales; Ireland and Scotland having no poor laws.

The reflections arising out of this statement are most appalling: we are now about to commence a new war, and yet we have all this experience before our eyes. The interest of the debt in about twenty-three years raised from nine millions to thirty-five and a half: the peace establishment from under eight millions to nearly nineteen: the number of those taking parish relief from eight hundred thousand to two millions: and the money required for their aid, from rather better than two millions to about sixteen and a half, and nearly one fifth of the population getting relief from that sum!

It must be observed from the above position, that the sum now paid for the poor alone, would before the war have defrayed all the expenses of the state, including the interest of the national debt.

In addition to this consideration, it must be remarked that the alteration in our currency is another calamity entailed upon us

by the war: this is a question of vital importance: and we trust it will be thoroughly investigated by parliament.

Our new Corn Bill is another of the fatal results of the war: the price of corn regulates the price of every other article; and the effects of this bill, by enhancing that of our manufactures, will nearly ruin our trade in foreign markets. Ministers have upon this occasion shifted the unpopularity of the measure, which was dictated by the wants of *government*, to the landholder; for, had every thing been permitted to find its natural level, this would have superseded the present *artificial* prices; in which case government could no longer have concealed the fatal effects of the war from the people: it being as apparent, that our enormous rate of taxation cannot survive the present artificial state of the country; as that this system, by raising the price of our manufactures, deprives us of a foreign market for our finer goods, from the impoverished state of the continent: and it is well known, that the people on the continent can manufacture goods of an inferior quality, at a lower rate than we can supply them.

It may be fairly contended, from a consideration of our comparative situation, that a re-commencement of the war—a war without any definite prospect of a termination—leaves us, if we embark in it, no other prospect than irretrievable ruin. If the last war has produced the destructive consequences we have just pointed out, what conception can be formed of the embarrassed state of the country at the termination of the next? One bad measure with governments, as with individuals, leads to a continued series of mischiefs, unless the parties possess strength of mind to acknowledge their error and return to the direct path. The Allies commenced their first war against the French government under the same predictions of its speedy and successful termination as those now so confidently held out. Why may not their prophetic reasoning prove equally false now? Our government is entrusted by the people with too considerable a stake to be trifled with at their caprice; all the advantages this country has gained by her efforts for ages past, must be lost by pursuing our present visionary system; let us not, like a desperate gamester, stake all our gains on the hazard of the last throw.

We really cannot conceive any reputable pretext for embroiling the world, at this moment, in a destructive war; and we see many reasons against it. There was no hesitation in treating with Napoleon *before his Abdication*; the Allies would have made peace with *him*, as Emperor of France, at *ANY* period prior to their acquiring possession of Paris; his title to the throne has been recognized by them repeatedly, by treaties; nor

has he displayed any fresh feature in his character since his Abdication that should render it *less* safe to treat with him now than formerly: he has acquired experience by misfortune, and appears to have profited by it in the moderation of his tone and the liberal constitution he has given his people. Indeed, he seems to have commenced his reign in a manner that furnishes no possible ground for hostility. It matters not whether the alteration in his tone be the result of the difficulty of his situation, or moderation acquired by reflection and defeat; we can arrive at no certain conclusions as to its causes. His first act is to abolish the slave trade abroad; the next, to increase the freedom of his people at home. The constitution framed by Louis and his advisers he has considerably improved: the House of Peers is no longer to hold its debates with closed doors; the restrictions on the press are greatly lessened; besides other alterations in the former constitutional charter in favour of the subject; all the privileges in that charter being confirmed, with the exception of an introductory clause, that the military should be represented.

Having given his people an improved constitution, and prohibited the traffic in his fellow creatures, Napoleon supplicates Europe to remain at peace, and not again to entail on the world the calamities of war; and, on the part of France, requires to be admitted to its participation on the terms submitted to by Louis. The Allies refuse to treat with him, because he had committed aggressions in his prosperity, and parcelled out Europe at his pleasure. Such is the pretext they now avail themselves of to renew the war—a war no longer waged against *principles* incompatible with their security, because they no longer exist; but against an *individual*. Let it be observed, too, who are the men who bring forward this charge. Their success has been more recent than his. Have *they* not alike availed themselves of *victory*, to parcel out Europe to their taste, adding to the stronger powers, and diminishing the strength of the weaker? Have all the massacres on the continent been the result of unprincipled aggression on the part of France; or have they not *generally* been the result of coalitions, *formed without provocation or hostility* on the part of that power?

The fair consideration of these questions will shew the matter in its true light: Napoleon had been successful and he availed himself of the advantages of victory: the Allies now have their turn of success, which has been attended with the *same result*: they should recollect that they have copied him in the worst part of his conduct, without possessing his talents to

conceal their turpitude; and that the three hundred thousand prisoners they have returned to him, added to a formidable army yet unsubdued, and a population of twenty-five millions, may in a just cause repel these advocates for interminable war, and punish their temerity. A people armed in defence of their soil, and opposing an unprincipled coalition, formed for the purpose of dictating to them a sovereign, are not easily conquered.

It has been said, that peace cannot safely be made with the French Emperor. The allied powers had the same experience upon this subject when they were within a few leagues of Paris; but they did not urge that objection, when he had no longer a chance of success: they should likewise recollect, that the same apprehension was entertained respecting Louis XIV: yet at that period, like the present, France was so weakened by her exertions, that war was not again resorted to during the reign of that monarch. It may be fairly argued, that such is the embarrassed situation of France, from the arduous struggle she has been engaged in, that she is not likely to be the aggressor in future; and that Napoleon, disappointed in his ambitious views, will never recur to them, from the certainty that the first attempt at such a course would be met by the united efforts of the whole of Europe.

Had the Allies acted with principle in the moment of success; had they restored to every state the territory it had lost by the war—instead of aggrandizing themselves at the expense of their neighbours—they would have displayed a magnanimity propitious to their expectations in a new war, however unjust the pretext, or absurd the principle on which it might be commenced: but, from the selfish ambition displayed by them, complete unanimity cannot be expected: and the cause of France may find advocates, amongst other nations which have suffered during the war, equally with the larger powers, whilst their *subjugation* and annexation to other countries will be rendered *certain* by the eventual triumph of their allies.

Thus we engage in a contest, which bears a similarity to the opening of the revolutionary war, from the strong hopes entertained by the coalesced powers of its speedy and certain success; but, like that sanguinary conflict, it may be lasting in its course and destructive in its consequences. We have endeavoured, by this comprehensive review of political causes and effects, to shew the impolicy and injustice of a new war. And when we consider what was our actual situation previously to the last war, and compare it with what it was subsequently thereto; we cannot suppose any one so wilfully blind, as to advocate the

existing pernicious and ruinous system. We close this article without entering further upon the subject; reserving those points connected with military details to our next APPENDIX, when this subject will be resumed. s.

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